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The National POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL IN AMERICA.
Henry W. Fox.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1885.

{ VOLUME XLVII—No. 423.
Price Ten Cents.



HER SPIRIT TRICK EXPOSED.

MRS. BESTE SEIZED BY TWO MEN WHILE GIVING A SEANCE AT HARTFORD, CONN.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

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IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!

When the *Pall Mall Gazette* published its recent batch of scandals, we took the ground that it would be both motiveless and superfluous to give space in our own pages to the sickening story. We insisted, as we do still insist, that while so much similar beastliness and criminality existed in our own country, it would be false policy, as well as the boldest kind of hypocrisy to show up a like condition of immorality in England.

From time to time exposures have been made in American newspapers which go to prove our theory that even in vice we maintain our character for keeping at least abreast of the balance of the world.

For example, on the 10th of October, about 9 o'clock a very pretty black-eyed, brown-haired young girl of about seventeen years entered the police headquarters in Portland, Me., and asked for Police-marshal Andrews. She gave her name as Marie Valnoy, and when ushered into the marshal's private office burst into tears and told the following sad story of her wrongs: Her mother in Quebec, Can., was too delicate to work, so she volunteered to find employment, and with the assistance of a younger brother earned sufficient to support all three.

A week ago she noticed an advertisement which she had often seen before in the papers of a certain agency where employment was procured for respectable girls. She went there and met a middle-aged woman who gave her name as Madam Jubie, who wanted girls for her laundry in Portland, Me. She said she had several other French girls there, so she consented to go. Marie says she did not have a cent when she left home, Mrs. Jubie paying her fare to Portland. When they reached Portland, she was taken to a small tenement in Stafford block. Over the door of this block is a sign reading "Laundry," but no respectable business was ever carried on there within the memory of the police. After taking the helpless girl, who besides being out of work, could speak scarcely a word of English, to this place Mrs. Jubie, so the girl says, told her victim that she was not the proprietor of a laundry, but keeper of a house of ill-fame, and that she had no work for her, and that she must consent to a life of shame.

Marie says (and her story is fully corroborated) that she struggled hard against her fate, but was ruined, and then kept in the den to which she was taken. While there she met some dozen or so girls who had been betrayed in the same manner, many of whom had left in company with keepers of similar resorts in Boston and elsewhere, for those cities where they were to live lives of shame, Mrs. Jubie, or as she was called, the madam, getting so much a head, as the French girls are in great demand. From what she saw and heard no less than fifty unfortunate have thus been taken from homes of innocence and virtue to such lives of infamy.

Accidentally meeting a young French-Canadian who frequented Jubie's house, she enlisted his sympathy and he smuggled her out of the house and showed her to police headquarters. She had just learned that she was about to be shipped off to some distant city and thus implored protection. Marshal Andrews at once ordered a raid and the Jubie den was cleaned out, that dame being captured while dressing to go to the depot en route for Canada for a new batch of victims. The police have procured a mass of information against a number of people in other cities, several of whom are wealthy citizens, who have availed themselves of this opportunity to obtain beautiful mistresses.

This story, coupled with a simultaneous showing up of the Johnson precurser in Rochester, goes to show that if it were not for the brave work of the newspapers vice would be every bit as rampant in American high places as it is in those of Europe.

NOBLE county, Indiana, has just paid the last dollar it owed. Noble county.

THE Montreal anti-vaccinationists who undertook physical resistance got more physical than they wanted.

THE trial of Ferdinand Ward is set for Oct. 19, but this fact is not a sure guarantee that the criminal will be tried at that date.

A CHICAGO barber named Masch has eloped with his third wife. He called the law to his aid when he wanted to make a Masch.

MARK TWAIN says there are no humorists in the insane asylums. Perhaps not, but if there were—"we don't think they'd be missed."

GEN. LONGSTREET is keeping hotel in Georgia. He has a magnificent "charger" in the person of a diamond-besprinkled clerk from New York.

WE believe the country will not be plunged into general gloom by the announcement that Jay Gould lost \$60,000 by last week's failures of stock brokers.

THE baseball season having closed business ought to boom. The high-priced players will now have an opportunity to spend some of their salaries.

THERE is no doubt of the hopeless insanity of King Louis of Bavaria, since he declared his aversion to all women and his love for the music of Wagner.

EVANGELIST MOODY is working New England, the home of Ben Butler and Bill Chandler. In the language of Brother Dana, "we may be happy yet, you bet."

THE popular fad in London at present is to speak with an American accent. It's English, you know, but it must make the Anglo-maniacs at this side feel sick at heart.

A CYCLONE wrecked a church at Westwood, N. J., and fire destroyed the steam barge Bob Ingersoll on Lake Michigan, both on the same day. Honors appear to be easy.

THE Danish Parliament refused to vote the budget proposed by the crown, so the King levied a tax by royal decree. That was the buzz-saw that Charles I. of England monkeyed with.

TURKEY's minister of war is named Alib Pasha. How Sunset Cox has missed cabling a pun on that to this side passes understanding. The American minister will have to prove an alibi to save his reputation.

LADIES' bustles are used so extensively as a means of smuggling that the Bernese customs officers have published a notice declaring that "these appendages must henceforth be searched, though with the necessary politeness."

UNDER the new marriage law of Pennsylvania the prospective bridegroom must satisfactorily answer eighteen questions before he can procure a license. Evidently the mother-in-law has had herself incorporated in the statutes.

CHIEF JUSTICE WARRE spent two months in England without receiving a single public recognition of his visit. And yet it has been but two years since we were gushing over Lord Coleridge with a fervor known only to Anglo-maniacs.

IT's really strange how much more Eastern sympathizers of the Indian (who have never seen a red man in the course of their lives) know about the savages than those who have continual dealings with them. The senseless theories for the betterment of the condition of the Indian come from just such people and are entitled to just about the consideration they receive.

IT has always been a mystery to the common mind how every exhibitor at the big exposition captured "the gold medal." The notification of the director-general of the New Orleans Exposition—that exhibitors who drew medals can get them by sending \$80 for the gold and \$8 for the silver medals—explains it, for doubtless those who did not draw medals can get them on the same terms.

GOOD Havana tobacco cannot be found in the market and none has been harvested in Cuba since 1881. That is, no genuine, sinopure, aromatic Havana leaf. So, when a cigar dealer tells you that he handles genuine Havana cigars you may rest assured that the truth isn't in him. It is said that the average quality of cigars is worse now than before the government tax was reduced. The five-cent cigars advertised so extensively will poison the consumer if used to any extent.

HER TRICK EXPOSED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Spiritualists, of Hartford, Ct., are excited over the expose of Mrs. Eugene Beste, the well-known illuminated materializing medium. She has bewildered the people of cultured Boston, where she had crowded seances for two years, and she has also given successful exhibitions in New York, Philadelphia and Washington. She went to Hartford at the invitation of leading Spiritualists, and a seance was given on Saturday, attended by a select few. An incredulous lady determined to test the genuineness of the visionary forms at the next exhibition and laid careful plans. She obtained the consent of Mrs. House, at whose home the medium was a guest, and two stout men were secreted in the kitchen, while the invited twenty, at \$1 apiece, were forming three circles in the adjoining room. Mrs. Beste chatted with the spectators until 8:30, when the room was darkened. Two chairs had been placed against the kitchen door by the medium and a wire put in front of the inside circle. This, the lady said, would have an electric effect. The medium then retired to the cabinet, formed by curtains inclosing a bay window.

A deathlike silence pervaded the room when tall figure appeared and advanced a few steps and sang in a deep bass. The next figure was Daisy, a child three feet tall, who talked in a sweet voice. Then came Appolonus, of Tiana, an illuminated Oriental figure who wore luminous robes and was expected to dissolve before the eyes of the spectators. The sight was beautiful. Stars sparkled and a blue fire enveloped the figure. Suddenly the kitchen door flew open, and two men rushing in seized the supposed Appolonus, who uttered a piercing scream and called for help. Lights were procured, the scented gauze was torn off the figure and Mrs. Beste stood before the excited twenty. She displayed a fine form arrayed in corslets, a short chemise and blue stockings. She was allowed to dress, after which she made a confession which was put into the shape of a sworn affidavit by a lawyer present and signed by Mrs. Beste.

She said her robes were soaked in a solution of phosphorus and spattered with illuminated paint, which produced the luminous effect. These were concealed under her dress when she entered the cabinet. Tall figures were made by raising the arms over the head and small figures by kneeling down. She said all the Boston mediums were frauds and that she had deceived thousands, though in constant fear of exposure. After refunding the \$20, which was given to the two men who caught her, she was allowed to depart. She left the city on the Washington Express. In her affidavit she swears never to give another exhibition. This is witnessed by W. O. Burr, of the *Times*, and other well-known gentlemen. The medium had great vocal powers, which she used to advantage. The leading Spiritualists say they are pleased at the discovery of fraud which exists.

SHE THREW VITRIOL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"My wife poured vitriol on me," exclaimed Capt. Herman Peter Nelson to Police Capt. Edmundson the other day in Jersey City.

The Captain had just arrested Nelson for assault and battery on a charge preferred by Elizabeth Nelson, of No. 242 Fifth street. Capt. Nelson then told Captain Edmundson that he resided at 1,700 Lexington avenue. He is the captain of the bark Lizzie, of Quebec, now lying at Halifax.

About eight years ago his daughter Dorothea married Henry Pahdee, and they moved to Jersey City, where he was employed in a chemical works on Ninth street. One year ago Dorothea died childless. Soon after this Capt. Nelson and his wife separated. It was the result of many quarrels during the ten years preceding.

Capt. Nelson resumed his sea life, which had been discontinued for a few years, and in his bark went to the East, visiting the Holy Land before he returned a week ago. When he reached his home on Lexington avenue his two daughters greeted him with a strange tale. They said that soon after their father had gone away Henry Pahdee, the son-in-law, began to be devoted to their mother, who is fifty-three years old. She evidently was completely infatuated with him, and after a couple of months passed she announced her determination to go to Jersey City and superintend the house for Pahdee, who was alone in the world.

The daughters were amazed then, but were greatly astonished two months ago to learn that their mother had been married to her son-in-law by the Rev. Dr. Putnam, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Jersey City. This they related to the old sea captain, and his heart was filled with sorrow such as he had never experienced during his sixty-two years of life.

On Tuesday Capt. Nelson received a letter from his wife asking him to visit her in Jersey City. He immediately went to Pahdee's house. A few moments later he rushed out in the street like a crazy man. His wife had dashed a portion of a bottle of vitriol in his face, and as he fled from the terrible liquid down the stairs she threw the rest on the back of his neck. The burning liquid ran down his back, shoulder and arm, burning him fearfully. His clothes were turned red by the vitriol and holes were burned through them. His neck, back and shoulder were burned raw, and the pain he felt was awful.

THE GREAT EXPLOSION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The scientific observations of the great explosion at Hell Gate on Saturday last were of an exceedingly interesting nature. They were made at widely-separated points, and the exact results cannot be determined until the work of all the observers is brought together and collated. The general verdict is that the undulations of the earth were exactly like those caused by an earthquake, and the ability of man to get up an earthquake on a small scale has been amply demonstrated. The most marked vibrations were not in the immediate vicinity of the scene of the explosion, but at a distance of several miles. The explosion offered an opportunity for the study of an artificial earthquake, but the scientific men were not quite prepared for the occasion. Gen. Newton and his associates in this great work have every reason to rejoice in its success. How thoroughly the rock has been broken up has not, of course, been determined, but the experience of former explosions leads to the belief that there will be no trouble in removing the fragments—a process which will occupy several years. The spectacle was a magnificent one, and the photographer's art conveys a good idea of the appearance of the serrated mountain of water which hung suspended in the air for the space of seven seconds.



At the top of this column figures the handsome visage of Charles H. Olmsted of Columbus, O. He has been in the horse business twenty-five years and is one of the oldest drivers on the turf. His reputation has always been of the very best, his friends invariably backing him to go to the front when he has the ghost of a show.

A BOLD ROBBERY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Boston police are on one of the strangest and boldest cases of robbery ever known there. A female nurse at the Boston City hospital, whose character is above reproach, recently procured a situation in a New York hospital, and entered the Old Colony depot there, purchased a ticket for New York, had her trunk checked and was studying the train dial when suddenly she was tripped, seized by two men, hurried through a side entrance, forced into a carriage, the two men taking seats beside her, and drawn rapidly out of the city. All her efforts to cry out were gagged and her captors tried to administer ether, which, however, she resisted. They rifled her pockets, taking her money, her ticket check, handbag, Swiss gold watch and other jewelry, and then on reaching a quiet street on the outskirts of Cambridge, forced her out of the carriage and drove rapidly off. The woman wandered about dazed for some time, finally reaching the house of her uncle in Watertown, where she was cared for. Her story has been corroborated in certain particulars. No one has yet been found who witnessed the abduction in the depot, and if any saw it they probably thought the woman was in a faint and was being taken out by friends.

HARD RIDING IN THE MUD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Owing to the sudden condition of the outlying country and the chilliness of the air the Maplewood meet of the Essex County Hunt was not as largely attended as the opening meet at the kennels on Oct. 10. The rains of the preceding days had made the fields unfit and unsafe for hard riding, and for that reason the riders were few in number. The hounds were started in a field near Maplewood at 3:45 o'clock in the afternoon, about twelve minutes after the drag had disappeared in the direction of South Orange.

The course lay across country to the summit of a rise of ground about a mile beyond South Orange, where it turned off toward the left of Mountain Station and continued on by way of the Northfield road to the west side of Orange Mountain.

Mr. E. P. Thebaud led the chase from start to finish, closely pressed by Mr. Theodore B. Bronson, Miss Emily Heckscher, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Jr., Mr. Frederick Wheeler and Mr. Louis Thebaud. The huntsman was thrown, but not disabled. At the finish all the riders were bespattered with mud and water. A part of the course gave the riders the impression that they were galloping through a bog.

KATE JUDD.

[With Portrait.]

Kate Judd escaped from the State jail at Newport, R. I., on Oct. 11, and is now being sought for from one end of the State to the other. Two and a half years ago she was sentenced to be imprisoned for twenty-five years for the crime of arson. In 1883 Mr. John G. Weaver, the proprietor of the Ocean House, hired Kate Judd as a domestic at his private residence. She had been in his house five weeks when his house was burned, and he lost about \$25,000. The Judd girl was suspected, arrested and confessed.

About this time a young man, Geo. Bounds, was captured while running away after committing a burglary. He, too, was committed to jail. In a few days the community was startled by a report that Kate Judd and Bounds had escaped. They were discovered a few days afterward in a barn and brought to trial, Kate getting twenty-five years. She once before tried to escape from the State prison, and extra precautions were taken. Despite all these, she escaped by scaling the walls. She had her prison clothing on. Prior to her going to Newport she set fire to a dwelling somewhere in Massachusetts.

KILLED BY THE ELEPHANT EMPRESS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Robert White, boss palmer at the winter headquarters of Forepaugh's circus in Philadelphia, was killed Oct. 11 by the elephant Empress, belonging to O'Brien's circus. The beast was taken to headquarters, and when White went to give her water she knocked him down and disembowelled him by piercing him with her tusks.

STUNG TO DEATH BY BEES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Thos. Fader, whose husband is a bee raiser at Gouldville, was stung to death by the insects Oct. 5. She lived only 45 minutes after being stung.

Do not forget that any person who is unable to buy this paper in their town can have it forwarded direct from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Very Marked Impression Made by Judic's Heavy-Weight Hilarity.

It has been observed lately by people who read the French newspapers or who pretend to be interested in French gossip that a certain favorite artist of the French stage, to wit, one Madame or Mademoiselle Judic, is now playing in an American theatre under the liberal and intelligent management of Monsieur Maurice Grau. The American temple of the dramatic muse in which she at present lumberously capers is the theatre of the well-known and very popular Monsieur Lester Wallack, whereof the urbane and weighty Monsieur Theodore Moss is manager and man-of-affairs.

When the fascinating Madame or Mademoiselle Judic first arrived in this benighted country—an event



She is the playful school-girl in "Nitouche."

which occurred about a fortnight ago, and which will in due time, no doubt, mark one of the most important and memorable dates in the annals of American history—every New York newspaper sent its most able-bodied gusher with a big pad of paper, a French conversation-book, and full instructions to "interview" the charming Judic to the top of his or her bent.

It was duly disclosed in each of these interviews that Madame or Mademoiselle Anne Judic is a bewitching young creature of ethereal figure, who is accompanied everywhere she goes by two secretaries, two poodles, a French maid and forty trunks. It was further announced in those interviews that Madame or Mademoiselle Judic owed her extraordinary fame in Paris, the center of modern civilization, to the beautifully dexterous way in which she sang smutty songs and suggested improper ideas without running foul of the Anthony Comstocks of the French capital—assuming, of course, that the French capital is so fortunate as to have any kind of Anthony Comstock to look after its morals.

This was an excellent inducement for young American matrons and maids to go and hear her—this guarantee that she can sail closer to the wind as a singer of



She is likewise a handsome young soldier in "Nitouche."

"off" songs and an impersonator of "fast" characters than any woman on the American stage.

It was further announced in the same interviews that Madame or Mademoiselle was, in fact, a coy and charming young thing of some twenty years of age, who could only be induced by the most strenuous arguments to risk her youth and beauty in these uncivilized United States.

That it required any great amount of persuasion to induce Madame or Mademoiselle Judic to consent to a tour of the United States is simply bosh, for every French actress, who has reached a certain age, naturally looks to the "barbaric West" for at least transitory worship of the charms her own audiences have commenced to weary of.

It is the old story, told of Sarah Bernhardt, but never published here by her manager, you may be bound, "that one evening a gentleman in the first rows, drowsy from a heavy dinner, gaped during one of her scenes, and did so so often that even his polite hand would not quite conceal the offence. 'My faith'



She does some bathing in "Niniche."

said the actress, angrily, as she swept into the wings. "One would think I was old enough to make a trip to America."

Sarah has made the fatal voyage once already, and will favor us with a farewell tour next year.

But this is strictly in parenthesis, as the French say. It was rather a disappointment to the humble and toe-trodden-upon American play-goer who sought out the trollosome Madame or Mademoiselle Judic at Wallack's theatre, to learn that there were a few discrepancies between the facts and the fictions of Madame or Mademoiselle Judic.

First. She was born about forty-five years ago, and is therefore a mere trifle older than twenty.

Second. She is not exactly a coy young maiden, but a wife and a mother.

Third. She began life as a music-hall singer, and got on the high road to fame by her chanting and acting



She fills up as the girl-bride in "La Femme a Papa."

Later on she appeared as a French officer, one of those notably moral and well-behaved young men who set all the latest fashions in virtue—and the other thing—in *La Belle France*. A very stout and proper young officer did she look, and when everybody had taken a good observation of all there was to see of her (and there was a good deal at that) the general verdict was that the officers of the French army are a singularly rounded and plump-looking lot of warriors.

The next play in which she astonished the natives, more or less, was in the charming little comedy of "Niniche." In this delightful composition Madame or Mademoiselle Judic has to go in bathing. The spectacle she presented was one which so inspired the enterprising manager of a Dime Museum in the Bowery that he went round to the stage door between the acts and tendered her the position of fat woman on his artistic staff.

A previous engagement, however, made it necessary for the enchanting Judic to decline the offer.

In "Lili," another of her repertoire, the pretty but obese Frenchwoman made a great hit and vastly delighted as well as edified the "aristocratic" young girls and married women in the audience. She represents a high-born swell who is locked up in a dark room with her lover the moment her husband disappears. On this highly delectable scene the curtain falls—and forever afterward, in the play, the occurrence figures as a blank page in the heroine's diary.

To achieve a proper effect in the part Judic has to be laced very tight. We illustrate the ingenious machinery which brings her corsets together.

There is another great comedy in which Judic makes a hit. It is so sensational a comedy that if it were to be printed in these columns instead of being played at Wallack's to the highest-toned set of audiences in New York the United States authorities would drop in on us with a nice brisk little criminal prosecution.

We illustrate Judic making her first entrance in this comedy—"Le Grand Casimir"—in her usual fashion. That is, she is pushed on the stage on a pair of roller-skates, just as they shove on a sofa or an armchair on casters.

In "La Femme a Papa" Judic represents the girl-

logg forgets that Patti, Nevada, Lucca, Gerster, and what's her name—the sweet contralto—still live.

"To-day is Mrs. Agnes Booth Schoefield's birthday, and when she arrives in New York this morning from Philadelphia, where she has been playing an engagement with the Madison Square Theatre company, she will find awaiting her at the ferry, a horse and coupe, the gift of her husband, Manager Schoefield."—*Boston Herald*, Oct. 4.

The new Barnum firm is Barnum, Cole, & Hutchinson. The share in the partnership disposed of belonged not alone to Bailey, but both to him and Hutchinson. Bailey is interested in the small interest which Hutchinson still holds. It is predicted that there will be more changes in the firm before another year passes. Cole is said to be "kicking" over the bargain on account of the death of Jumbo.

There is a story whispered in England that Mrs. Langtry's husband has been recently advertising stinging Bible texts in the papers reflecting on her relations with him. In one dramatic journal he is said to have covered a page weekly with the bitterest quotations in tremendous black type. No foundation for the report is given, however, except the printing of the texts and the existence of Mr. and Mrs. Langtry.

A STRANGE FUNERAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Dr. Francis H. Dusner, the eccentric friend of spiders, and German revolutionary exile, who for many years lived almost the life of a hermit in the shabbiest quarters imaginable in Paterson, had one of the most imposing funerals ever seen in that city. The aged physician's eccentricities had attracted comparatively little attention during his life, but the publication of the remarkable facts in his career and the extensive preparations made for his obsequies by the German societies aroused public curiosity, and the streets for several blocks around his shabby home in Ellison street were black with throngs of people.

The scene was a singular one: the immense attendance, the elaborate preparations and the handsome coffin, with its burden of rare flowers, contrasting strangely with the squalid surroundings. The room was uncarpeted, the boards of the floor creaked under the tread, the only furniture was a dingy table or two; the only ornament on the walls a cheap print entitled, "The Funeral of German Liberty," and the faded paper scaling off revealed walls yellow with the ravages of time. The cobwebs had been swept away and the many spiders which had been the old doctor's friends had been sent scurrying forth, astonished by the broom that until his death had never been allowed to disturb their peace. Some attempt had been made at cleaning the room, but otherwise the wretched apartment was as the queer old physician had occupied it with his dusty books.

FINDING WIFE AND BABY DEAD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

John McClusky, a young salesman, of Urbana, O., has been living in a little cottage home with his wife and baby. He returned home from work Oct. 7 and entered the house as usual, but did not find his wife. He went upstairs to their bedroom and found her and the baby on the bed, apparently asleep. He called them, but getting no response went nearer and discovered that they were dead. Near by lay a note addressed to him and an empty phial which had contained morphine. The note was affectionately worded, and through his blinding tears the husband read that the young wife having become despondent through ill health, had in desperation poisoned herself and baby.

JOCK LAWLER.

[With Portrait.]

This young rough is wanted by the Superintendent of Police of Chicago for murder. He is twenty-two years of age, 5 feet 5 inches high, brown hair, dark complexion, high cheek bones, slightly pug nose, blue eyes, thick lips, scar on upper lip, and had on, when he left here at 5 P. M. on the 7th inst., brown colored wine shade coat, light colored tight-fitting pants with black stripe; stiff derby hat. The picture published on another page is from a photograph taken three years ago. All information can be obtained from the Police Department, Chicago, Ill.

KITTY GOUGH.

[With Portrait.]

A few weeks ago this young lady claims that while walking in the vicinity of Knickerbocker avenue, Brooklyn, she met four young men who knocked her down and assaulted her. An officer who heard her screams hastened to her assistance. The four young men were afterwards arrested. They come of respectable parents and considerable excitement and doubt is caused by the affair in the neighborhood.

FRANK REED.

[With Portrait.]

The Governor of Alabama has issued a requisition calling for the arrest of Frank Reed, the desperado who, on Oct. 22, 1882, shot and killed City-Marshal Baxter Stingley at Salida. Reed has been long known as a desperado of the worst type. Some \$1,500 reward is offered by the Governor and Chaffee county, Col., for his capture. The report of his arrest on Aug. 20 is without foundation.

A LIFELONG GAMBLER REFORMS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

George W. Gaab, a lifelong gambler, of Clinton, Ill., resolved to reform, and, gathering together all his cards, tables and other apparatus used in gambling, he placed them in a pile on the public square and set fire to them.

CHICAGO'S LATEST CRAZE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

This week we illustrate the prevalent mania among Chicago virgins for short hair. The barber shops of the Garden City are overrun with youthful applicants for the hair-cutter's services.

Do not forget that any person who is unable to buy this paper in their town can have it forwarded direct from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.



She is helped to an entrance in "Le Grand Casimir."



ANNA JUDIC,
THE GREAT FRENCH COMEDIEENNE, AT PRESENT PERFORMING AT
WALLACE'S THEATRE.

Joseph Pulitzer.

This week we publish an excellent portrait of the Hon. Joseph Pulitzer, who is one of the

expense of a delicate constitution, and he has to be frequently restrained by his physicians from increasing his labors. In spite of this he has made the *World* what it is to-day.

most remarkable of modern Americans. Not twenty years ago Mr. Pulitzer landed in this country, barely able to speak English, and with no other capital than his dauntless energy. To-day he is the sole proprietor of the *New York World* and of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, as well as a member of the next Congress. Three different sets of editors and proprietors had endeavored to galvanize the *World* into a semblance of life by the time Mr. Pulitzer got control of the moribund sheet. They had so uniformly failed that when he took possession it had only a circulation of 11,000 copies. In less than two years Mr. Pulitzer, aided by his genius of a lieutenant, Col. John D. Cockerill, had increased the daily issue to over 200,000. On one recent occasion it went beyond the quarter of a million line. A big-hearted, generous, upright and most affectionate man, Mr. Pulitzer's hard work has been done at the



JOSEPH PULITZER,

THE MAN WHO MADE A MARVELOUS SUCCESS OF THE NEW YORK "WORLD."



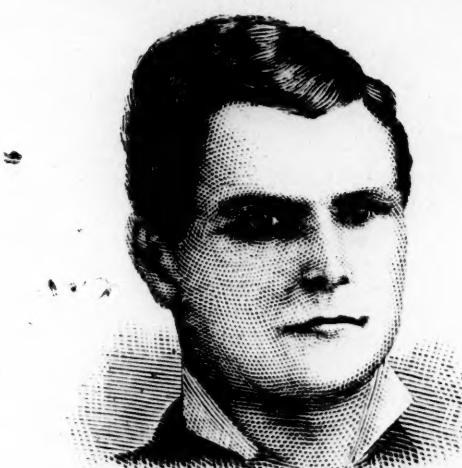
"BUD" MEBANE'S CAPTURE.

THE MURDERER OF MRS. WALKER LYNCHED BY THREE HUNDRED CITIZENS AT MELTON, S. C.



STUNG TO DEATH BY BEES.

MRS. THOMAS FADER OF GOULDVILLE, PA., MEETS WITH A FEARFUL END.



FRANK REED,
WHO SHOT MARSHAL STINGLEY, OF SALIDA,
COL.; \$1,500 REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE.



KATE JUDD,
WHO RECENTLY ESCAPED FROM JAIL AT NEWPORT,
R. I., UNDER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS SENTENCE.



KITTY GOUGH,
A BROOKLYN GIRL WHO MAKES A NASTY
CHARGE AGAINST FOUR YOUNG MEN.



JOCK LAWLER,
WANTED IN CHICAGO FOR MURDER, BY THE
SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.



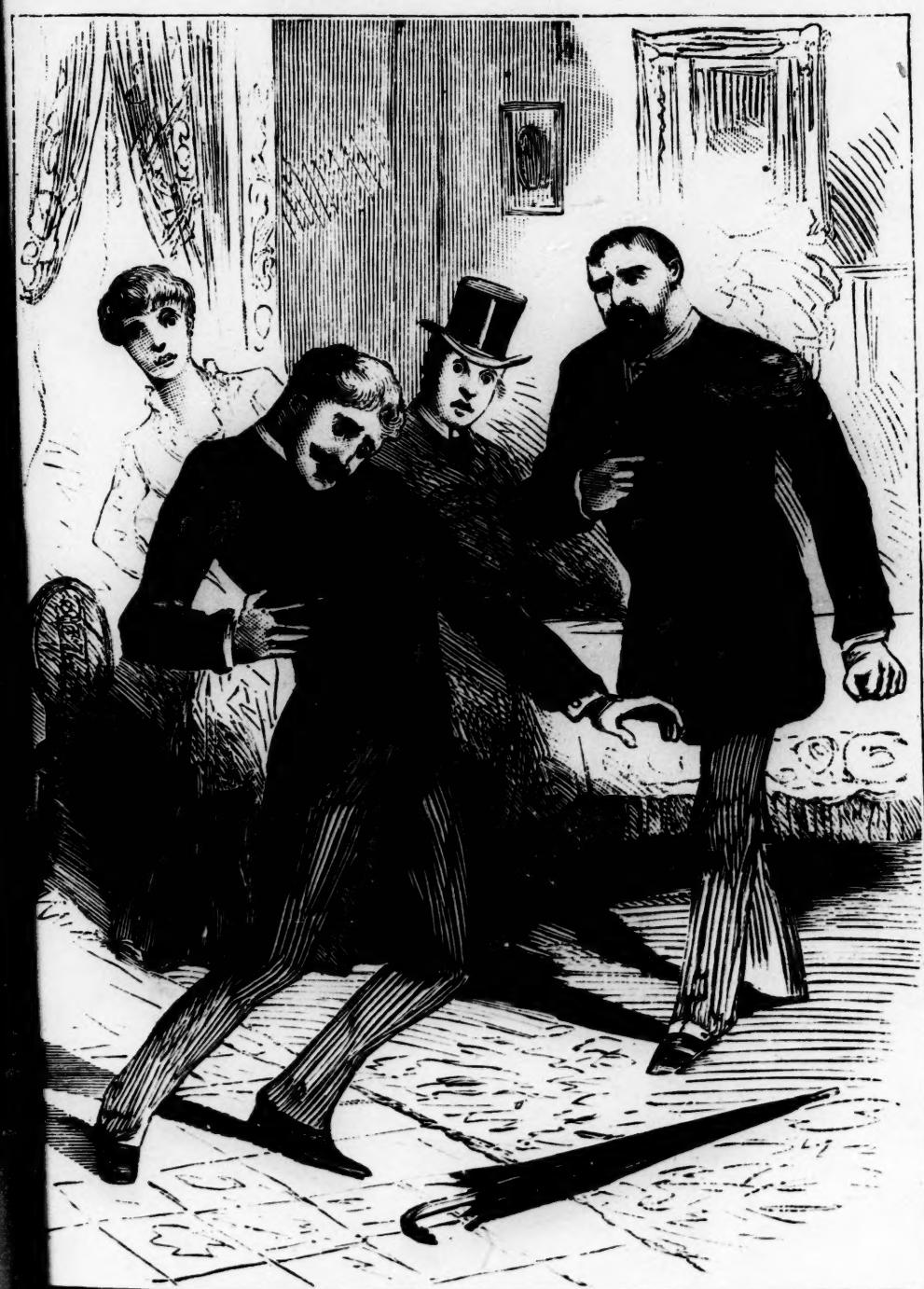
FINDING WIFE AND BABY DEAD.

THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF JOHN M'CLUSKY, OF URBANA, OHIO.



HARD RIDING IN THE MUD.

THE DOLEFUL EXPERIENCE OF THE ESSEX CO., N. J., HUNT.



THE HUSBAND GOT THE BULLET.

MRS. LOUISE DALFE-LEONARD IS THE CAUSE OF A THEATRICAL SHOOTING IN PHILADELPHIA.



HE BURNED HIS TRAPS.

GEORGE W. GASH, OF CLINTON, ILL., MAKES UP HIS MIND TO QUIT GAMBLING.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



A THEATRICAL SCANDAL.

At the top of this column is a portrait of Mrs. Louise Balfe, whose husband, as illustrated elsewhere in this paper, was shot in Philadelphia recently by Abe Erlanger.

Miss Balfe or Mrs. Leonard is said to be the daughter of Balfe, the celebrated composer, and is a very pretty blonde of twenty-eight years of age. She is English by birth, and was brought to this country by George Fawcett Rowe three years ago to take a leading part in the comedy of "Snuff." It had a short run at the Fifth Avenue theatre and proved a failure. She then entered the "Youth" company and made her first appearance in Philadelphia in that play at the Lyceum, on Broad street, now McCaull's Opera House. Theatre-goers who saw that play will readily remember the bright acting of Captain Willie Spratley. This was Louise Balfe, and she gained more laurels by her acting of the character of the little captain than any other member of the troupe. When "Youth" was withdrawn from the stage Miss Balfe joined Samuel Colville's "Taken from Life" company, and George H. Leonard was in the same company. After a brief season with the "Taken from Life" company she became interested with John Havell in the Havell Opera House, Cincinnati, through which venture she is said to have lost money.

About half past six o'clock on the evening of October 9 Messrs. Erlanger and Havell and Louise Balfe were talking together in room 323 of the Continental Hotel, when Leonard came in very drunk and begged his wife to return to him. She refused, and he then attacked Erlanger with an umbrella, inflicting severe bruises on his face. As he was about to renew the assault, Erlanger drew a revolver and fired, the bullet entering his left side, narrowly missing a vital spot, but fortunately only inflicting a flesh wound, which the physician at the Pennsylvania Hospital, where the wounded man was taken, pronounced not to be dangerous. Erlanger was arrested and locked up at the Central station, but was released on bail later in the evening, when Leonard's wound was known to be a slight one. Mrs. Leonard, or Balfe, has been separated from her husband for some months.

Mr. Erlanger said after his release: "I expected trouble with George H. Leonard and went before Magistrate Lennon and swore out a warrant for his arrest, intending to have him placed under bail to keep the peace. He had been threatening my life and I knew he was hunting for me. When he came into the room to-night he began to beat me over the head with his umbrella." And he showed knots and bruises on his head. "Five weeks ago," he continued, "he beat me in New York and I had him placed under \$1,000 to keep the peace."

It appears that there was a preliminary skirmish about the same matter when Erlanger met Frank A. Gardner, manager of the Janish troupe, in front of the Chestnut Street Opera House, and, after a few heated words, Erlanger slapped Gardner's face. Friends separated them and the trouble for the night was over. Next day the war was renewed and Leonard started out to find Erlanger. He went through the Continental Hotel, hunting for his wife's room. He found it and, it is said, began to upbraid her, when she rang the bell and had him taken out by one of the clerks and the special officer of the house. Leonard went to the room again and it was then the shooting occurred.

WAS HE FORCED TO MARRY HER?

Seven months ago James Madison Pinckney, a Wall street clerk, led a blushing bride to the altar. On Oct. 9 a policeman led James into the Harlem Police Court, followed by his indignant bride and her mother, both of whom alleged that they had good and sufficient cause for their anger and search for redress.

Pinckney is a dashing, natty young man of the kind common to stock brokers' offices. He is employed by Raven & Co., of 15 Wall street, and is in receipt of a good salary. For a long time he had been paying his attentions to the daughter of Mrs. Mary Depuy, a widow residing at No. 200 East One Hundred and Sixteenth street, and in February last married the young lady, who is very good-looking.

The honeymoon was brief, and it was not long before the young wife, as she alleges, discovered that her husband was not true to the vows he had so recently made. He soon began to neglect her, stay away from home at night, and when pay day came around would dole out to her from his earnings ridiculous sums, ranging from five cents to a dollar.

The young wife suspected that another woman had come between her and husband, and she began in a quiet way to verify her suspicions. An opportunity presented itself one day to search her husband's wardrobe, and on ransacking a coat that he had laid aside that day she found a bundle of letters and an affidavit sworn to by her husband confirming all that she had dreaded.

The letters breathed of love and devotion, and at

the bottom, in a pretty Italian hand, was signed, "Your darling, Clotilda Shaw." But the affidavit roused the wronged wife's rage, for under oath her husband had attested before a notary public that he and Clotilda Shaw had passed the night together under the name of J. M. Lee and wife at the Grand Union Hotel.

To add gai to her bitter cup came another discovery, that the woman who was filling her place was living at her husband's expense at Rutherford Park, N. J., and that while she was starving in her humble home her husband was buying the other woman diamonds and jewelry. Want compelled her to pledge her wedded and engagement ring.

Pinckney discovered that his wife had found the damaging letters and affidavit, and tried by every possible means to get them back, but the angry lady clung to the evidence of his perfidy.

Mrs. Pinckney and her mother, finding that they could no longer bear the expense of living in a high-priced flat, concluded to move, and on Wednesday, while the cartman was loading his vehicle with their effects, a cab drove to the door. From this Pinckney alighted, and, running to the cart, snatched a cedar-



An interesting discovery.

wood box belonging to his wife's mother, which he supposed contained the letters.

With the box in his arms he jumped into the cab and drove off at a rapid rate, followed by a young relative of his wife crying, "Stop thief!" Instead of the letters the box contained only property belonging to his wife's mother. For this Mrs. Depuy obtained a warrant for his arrest and he was taken by an officer before Justice Welde, in the Harlem Police Court, charged with larceny.

When the two ladies had stated their case to the Court and complained that he had failed to provide for his wife, Judge Welde told the wife to make a charge of abandonment.

"I am willing to support her," said Pinckney, when the latter charge was made, "but I want her to live with me."

With flashing eyes Mrs. Pinckney confronted her husband as she replied:

"I can't live with a man of your character. He gave me but ten cents or a dollar at a time."

"That is the way I earned it," replied the spruce-looking prisoner.

Mrs. Pinckney gazed steadfastly at him with one long, contemptuous look as she answered:

"While you were giving me a dollar now and then you were keeping that woman in a cottage at Rutherford Park and giving her diamond rings."

The husband protested that this was not true, but Mrs. Pinckney smiled bitterly.

"Well, I was forced to marry you, anyway," sneered the husband.



He bolts with the letters.

A QUEER CASE.

The marital troubles of good-looking Mrs. Ellen Harrigan were related to Judge Reynolds in the Brooklyn City Court, Special Term, the other day.



Michael lathers Ellen.

during an application on her behalf for alimony and counsel fees.

According to the statement of Lawyer Kissam, who appeared for Mrs. Harrigan, she has had a very unhappy time of it since she married Michael Harrigan in 1878. They had been man and wife but a few months when Michael began beating her with his fists, and while so engaged called her vile names. A little later he kicked and choked her, cut her head by banging it against the mantelpiece, and threatened to take her life.

They lived on Smith street in 1882 and he celebrated the house-warming by beating her so severely that she was unable to leave her bed for a week, and in March of the following year, when she had the hardihood to disobey his order and attend a ball of the Carriage-Makers' Association, of which her father is an officer, she was overtaken by her husband on the street, beaten, called all manner of vile names and finally knocked down upon the sidewalk by a blow with his fist and left to go home the best she might.

After Mrs. Harrigan had begun an action for a limited divorce her womanly feelings got the upper hand, and when Michael solemnly promised to do better in the future she forgave him and discontinued the suit. "And he did act like a decent man for a little time," said Mrs. Harrigan, "but he returned to his old methods



Ellen goes for Michael.

In November, and his first offence was to clutch me by the throat while in bed at night and threaten to make an end of me. On another occasion he beat me with his clenched fist, knocking out several of my teeth and causing my mouth to bleed."

Mrs. Harrigan's testimony relates that in 1884 her husband abandoned her and associated with other women. She had him arrested and again he pleaded for forgiveness and she could not resist his appeal. They lived together for a few months and she was once more obliged to submit to his violence. This continued until August last, when he finally ejected her from the house and refused to have any further relation with her or support her. She was obliged to seek the refuge of her parents' home, at No. 101 Bergen street, and has since remained, with her child, dependent upon them. She said she was afraid to trust herself with her husband again, and now seeks the oft deferred divorce.

It was shown that the husband earns \$18 a week at his trade of blacksmith.

"She ought to have brought in John L. Sullivan to knock her husband out," observed Judge Reynolds at the conclusion of the woman's story.

Quite a different aspect was given the case by the husband's affidavit as read by Lawyer Patterson. In it Harrigan charged that his wife had been in the habit of remaining out late at night and refusing to get up in the morning to prepare his breakfast. He denied having struck her save in self-defence, and claimed that on one occasion, when he was in bed, she approached him with a pistol in her hand which she pointed at his head with the threat to put a hole in him. He also said she had frequently threatened to poison him.

After listening to the long recital of Mrs. Harrigan's sufferings the court decided that she should have \$8 a week alimony.

THE POET RUNS AWAY.

Among the oldest residents of the Fifteenth Ward, Brooklyn, has been Mr. John Le Brun, aged now probably over sixty-five years. Thirty-eight years he and his wife, Phebe, lived happily together, till a few weeks ago. Having a taste for literature, some years ago, he abandoned his sawmill and produced some popular songs in the interest of temperance and prohibition. He also kept a dry goods store on the corner of Graham avenue and Frost street. He had a small job printing press in the rear of the store and printed

at one time a weekly paper, which was made up of advertisements and original poetry "by the editor." He seems to have prospered, for he acquired considerable real estate in the Fifteenth Ward, including the modest but handsome residence, 168 Frost street. Mrs. Le Brun—a plump and amiable lady—is well known among the select society of the Fifteenth Ward, being a Sunday school teacher in the Second Baptist Church, on Avenue street. Among her pupils was a Miss Ida Leahy, a pretty and lively young lady of eighteen summers.

Three months ago, Mrs. Le Brun having become indisposed, it was necessary that she should have some friend to wait on her, and Miss Ida was selected as the most suitable person. She seems to have assumed all the prerogatives of Mrs. Le Brun. That was not all, Mr. Le Brun, it seems, showed much liking to Miss Ida, and with Mrs. Le Brun's reluctantly granted consent, went out riding with Miss Ida. Miss Ida also went to the Exempt Firemen's picnic a few weeks ago, where she received much attention from Mr. Le Brun. Some days later Mr. Le Brun and Miss Ida remained out all night, and the mother and brother of the girl appeared at Le Brun's house on Frost street, the latter in a very great rage. Le Brun, however, without waiting to meet the young man, skipped over a rear fence with rare agility for one of his age, and has not since been seen in the Eastern district.

A reporter called on Mr. Le Brun the other morning and found the house in much confusion. On his delicately acquainting her with the facts that he had gleaned, as here stated, she bade him be seated, and, shaking her head, said:

"Yes, I'm sorry to say that there is truth in what



The poet's flight.

you say. The girl did what she liked in the house, though she was here only three months. She would say to my husband, 'John, I want some coal; John, I want this; John, I want that'; and I was sick and helpless, and could do nothing. He went out carriage riding with her three times, and the third time I did not like it; Ida has a beau, Mr. Settler; they were to have been married on the 15th; Mr. Settler provided her with a ticket for the Exempt Fireman's picnic, not being certain that he could go himself and with the idea that she could go with the people upstairs. My husband did not say that he was going to the picnic, and so when next day Settler called here, I was surprised on being told by him that Le Brun had informed him that he was going. The neighbors who went to the picnic say Mr. Le Brun was very attentive to Ida there. Some days later, Ida and Le Brun having been absent all night, Ida's mother came to the house, inquiring for her. Afterward, Ida's brother came and Le Brun, on hearing his voice, said nothing, but, going out, skipped the fence and has never come back."

TWO WASTED LIVES.

"I have wasted my life and don't want to live any longer," was the contents of a note found by the side of the dead body of Mrs. Annie Johnson, who had committed suicide by taking opium in an old shanty at Williamsport, Pa., Oct. 8. It was the last act in a truly wasted life. Twenty years ago she was Annie Johnson, the daughter of one of the oldest and best families in Pennsylvania and the acknowledged belle of Wilkes-Barre. She was sought by all and her accomplishments were many and pleasing. She married Clarence Clark, a successful young business man. They lived in good style for awhile, until the husband commenced drinking and neglected his business. The wife, following in his lead, was soon a victim to the



One of the wasted lives.

opium habit. Their friends tried to reclaim them in vain and deserted them. The couple went to Bellfonte and continued drinking and lived in an old house. At last, driven to despair, he committed suicide. His wife was still devoted to him, and by selling a diamond ring which she had managed to keep during their troubles she gave him a decent burial. She drank worse than before after his death and no one knew how she obtained money on which to live, but it is thought it was furnished by relatives. Her death was not a surprise to those who knew her.

CRIMES' CRUELTIES.

How Satan Still Finds Mischief For the Proverbial Idle Hand.

HE WANTED TO BE AN ERNEST SCHILLING.

August Jensen, a coachman, whose soul was filled with an ambition to capture a heiress, has come to grief in the effort to attain the object of his ambition, and is now the repentant occupant of a dungeon cell.



He serenades his love.

In the Hoboken Police Station, Jensen is a Swede, aged thirty-five, with light complexion and light hair, and is an extremely commonplace looking person. About three years ago Mrs. Stevens, of Castle Point, was in want of a coachman and employed Jensen on the recommendation of Mrs. James King, the widow of a New York banker who lives in a handsome house on the Stevens estate. Mrs. Lewis, the daughter of Mrs. Stevens, is the wife of Col. E. P. C. Lewis, the United States Minister to Portugal. Before her marriage to Col. Lewis she was the widow of the late Gen. Garnett, and had one daughter, Miss Minnie Garnett, who is now twenty years old. Miss Garnett is the heiress upon whom the coachman cast his eyes, and his ambition in that direction seems to have been roused by the success of Ernest Huelskamp in securing the heiress. Miss Morosini, for a wife, as it was about that time he began to annoy Miss Garnett. A year and a half ago Mrs. Stevens went to Europe, but before going she secured a place for Jensen with John Duncan, a wealthy wholesale grocer in New York.

In the summer of 1881 Mr. Duncan and his family went to their summer home at Seabright and took Jensen with them. Mrs. Lewis and her daughter were at the time occupying their home at Seabright, and one day they were astonished at receiving a call from Jensen, who said that he had come to inquire after Miss Minnie's health. A few days later Miss Garnett received a letter from Jensen filled with protestations of love. It had evidently been copied from a "ready letter writer." The family gave no attention to the matter at that time, nor until Miss Garnett began receiving similar letters two or three times a week and Jensen made a practice of spending all his leisure time in the neighborhood of the young lady's house. He would stand for hours in front of General Lewis' house,



The life insurance agent.

wife's room. She was in the kitchen boiling some clothes which she was preparing to wash.

The stranger, a good-looking man, walked to the kitchen table, sat down and caressed the youngest child, a babe of five months, and then took his departure. When he was gone Disque asked his wife, who was a very comely young woman with golden hair and light blue eyes, who the fellow was. She replied:

"He is the life insurance agent."

Disque had caused his children's lives to be insured in the Prudential Life Insurance Company, for which he paid three cents a week. His wife added that the agent called to say that the weekly payments were increased to five cents for each child.

"What was he doing in your apartments?" asked the husband angrily.

"He was searching for the insurance books."

"You lie!" he replied, and he raised his hand to strike her. She picked up a small child's rocking-chair with which to defend herself.

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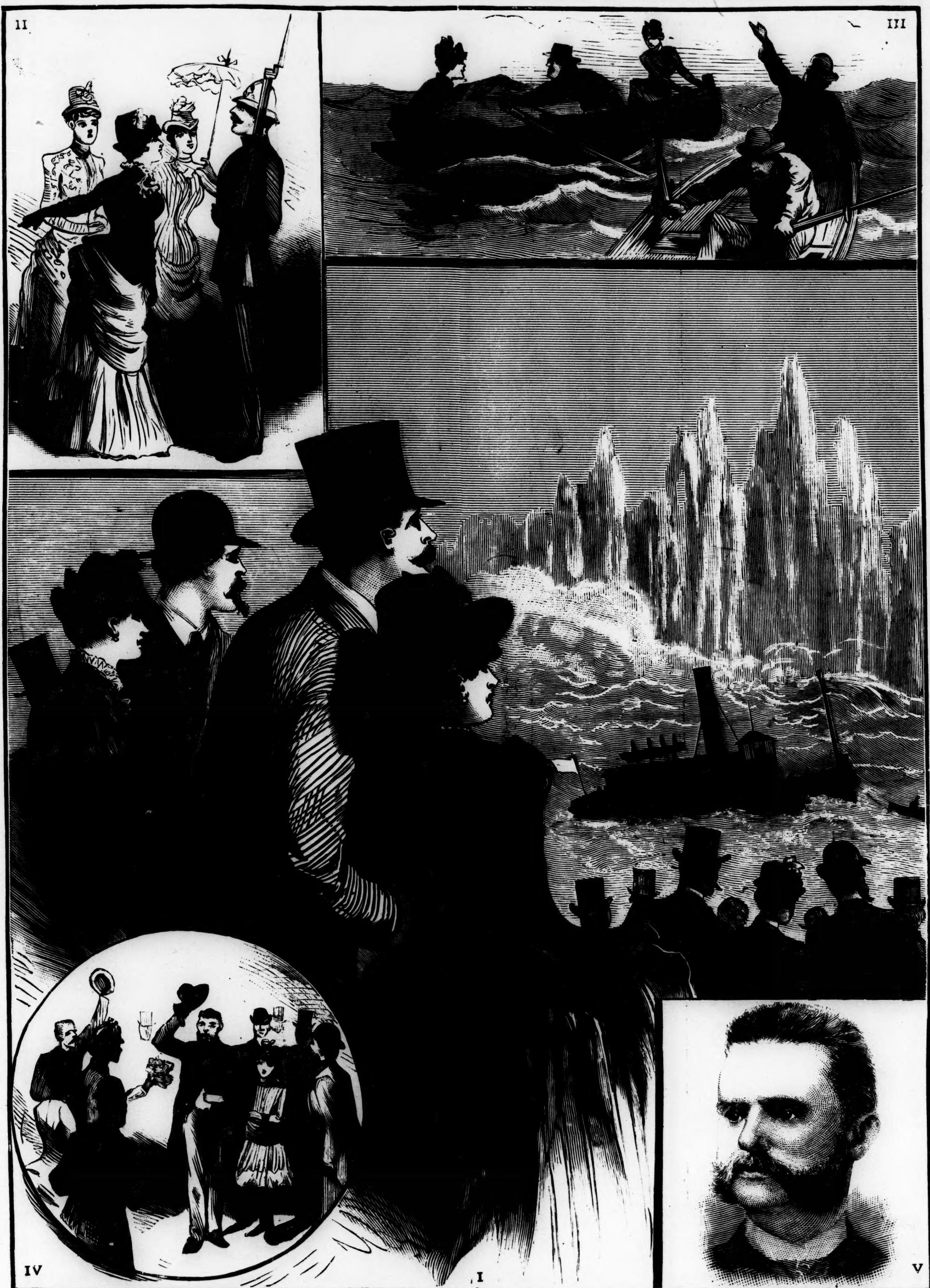
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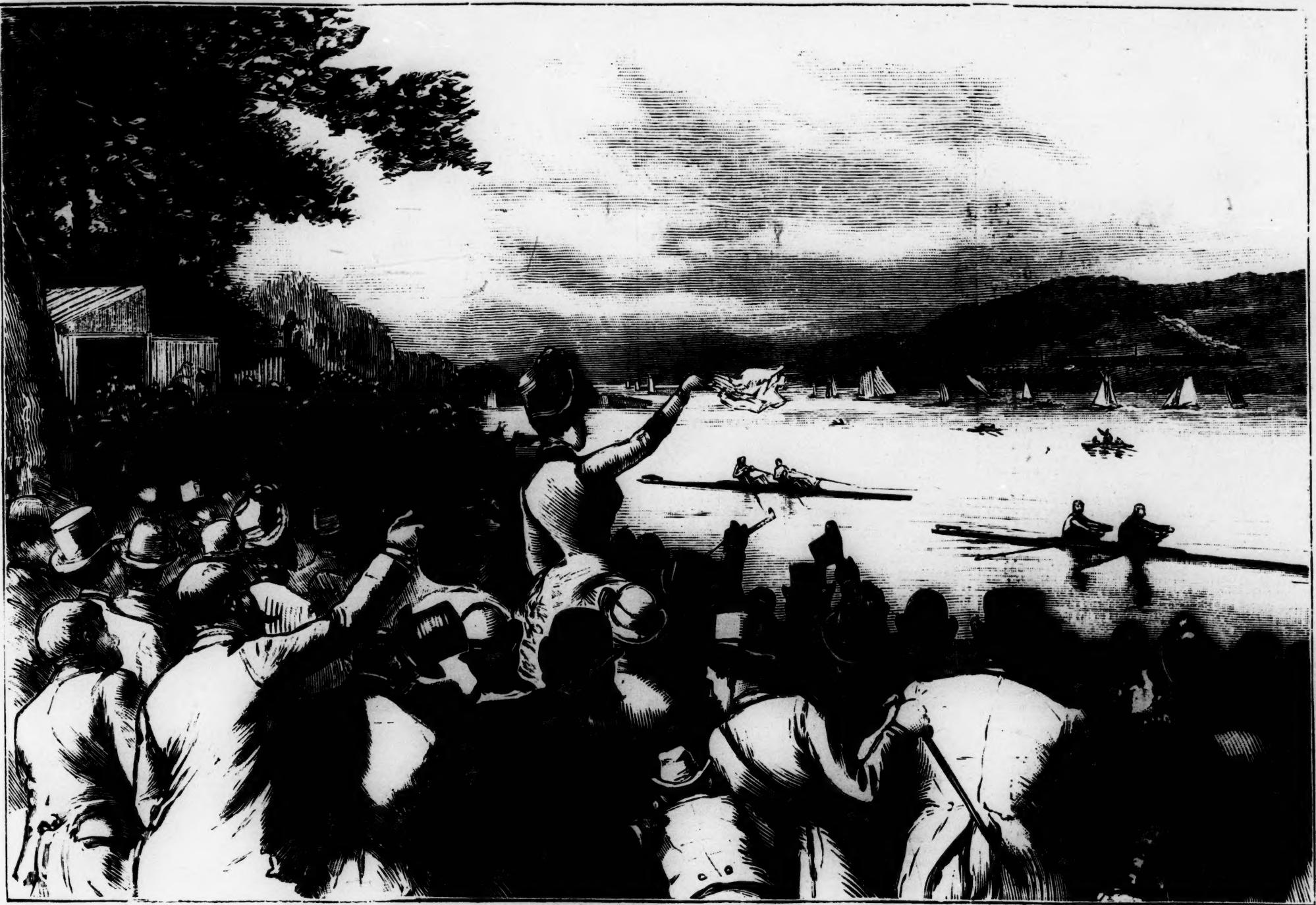
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THE GREAT EXPLOSION.

GENERAL NEWTON, U. S. A., PRODUCES A SECOND ARTIFICIAL EARTHQUAKE AT HELL GATE, NEW YORK.

I.—HELL'S GATE AJAR. II.—"PLEASE MAY I PASS?" III.—FIRST OVER THE WRECK. IV.—GEN. NEWTON CONGRATULATED. V.—LIEUTENANT DERBY.



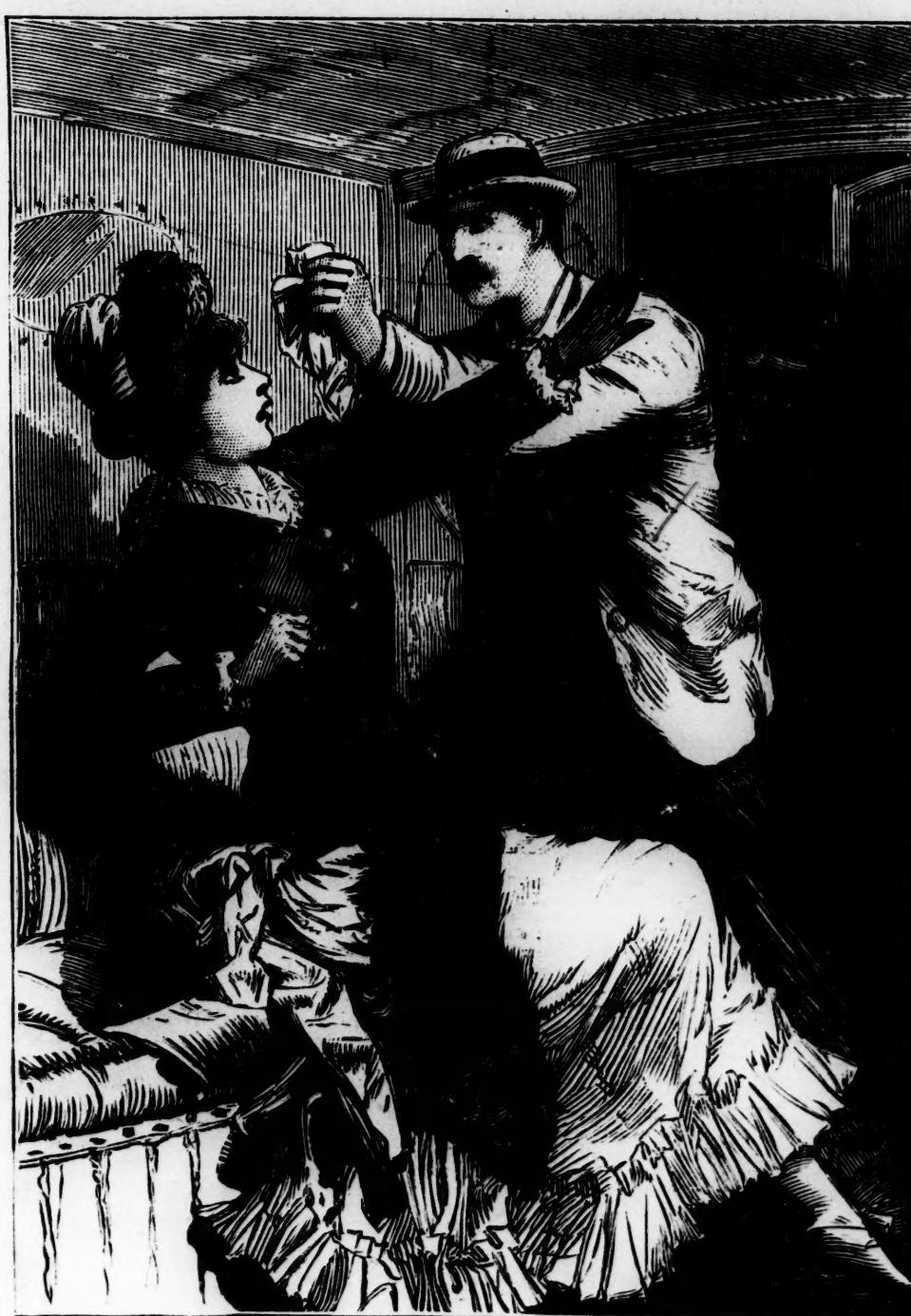
THE DOUBLE PAIRS.

HANLAN AND LEE AND COURTNEY AND CONLEY PRACTISING FOR THEIR RACE AT PLEASURE ISLAND, N. Y.
[From Sketches by Our Special Artist.]



A STRANGE FUNERAL

HOW A CELEBRATED MEDICAL CRANK WAS BURIED RECENTLY IN PATERSON, N. J.



A BOLD ROBBERY.

A FEMALE NURSE AT THE BOSTON CITY HOSPITAL HAS A BOUGH EXPERIENCE.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Areal Events of the Week.

John Knifton, the "Eighty-one Tonner," is crossing the Atlantic to challenge Dominic McCaffrey and Paddy Ryan to a finish with the bars.

M. E. Casey, champion of Michigan, and Sam Bittle, of Toronto, are matched to fight to a finish, London rules, on Dec. 8 for \$250 a side. Ground to be mutually agreed upon.

Lou Russell, the heavy-weight sparrer and athlete, is now one of the proprietors of the Gold Coin Sample Room and Athletic Resort, on northeastern corner of Ninth and Vine streets, Cincinnati.

The New York "Daily News" says: "Since Richard K. Fox has a patent blowing machine in his office, there is not half so much blowing done by the pugilists, because they exhaust their lung power in a more practical way on the lung-tester."

Jimmy Carroll of Holyoke, Mass., publicly stated at North Adams, Mass., recently that he would fight any man in America at 133 pounds for \$100 to \$500 a side; further, that he could whip any man in America not weighing over 150 pounds.

Billy Madden writes that J. McAuliffe, the light-weight pugilist, has joined the Kernal's Combination, and that he will not arrange any matches until his engagement ends, consequently the glove contest between Tommy Barres and McAuliffe is off.

D. J. Cadwell of Visalia, Cal., writes that "if Jim McCann of San Jose will visit Fresno, Cal., that he will match Tom Hatch to meet McCann in the magic circle, for 8 rounds or to a finish, for \$100 and the entire gate money, no matter if Hatch does not win his engagement with Jim Turner."

Articles have been signed and a forfeit posted for a contest between Dave Campbell, champion of Oregon, and James Riley, a noted Western pugilist, for \$1,000 a side and the entire receipts. The fight will be governed by the new prize ring rules, and will take place four weeks near Portland, Ore.

The first genuine prize fight that was ever fought in Alpena, Mich., took place on Oct. 9, between Jack Lawrence, the light-weight pugilist, of San Francisco, and Wm. Butts, the middle-weight champion of Michigan. Both men were severely punished. During the eighth round the police rushed on the stage and stopped the fight, which was decided a draw.

On Oct. 10 P. C. Clow, the holder of the "Police Gazette" medal, representing the championship of Colorado, and Jack Burke, the Irish lad, fought at Armory Hall, Leadville. Four rounds were fought when the referee declared the contest a draw.

Burke had the best of the first two rounds but in the last two Clow gained the supremacy owing, Burke claimed, to the peculiar climate. After the affair Clow's backers offered to match him against Burke for \$1,000 a side, London prize ring rules to govern, but no match was arranged.

At Butte City, Mont., on Oct. 9, Matt Rooney, a well-known pugilist, of Leadville, Col., and Alf. Bates, of Butte City, fought according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$500. Only twenty persons were allowed to witness the mill. The fight was a short and desperate one. Two rounds were fought, and Bates inflicted such severe punishment during the thirteen minutes the battle lasted that he was insensible and exhausted on time being called for the third round, and Bates was hailed the winner. Rooney was so terribly punished that he was carried from the ring and put to bed.

At Chicago recently, John L. Sullivan in an interview said: "Any pugil looking for notoriety can send a challenge to a local paper for publication. And what does it amount to? Nothing but an advertisement for some would-be champion who is anxious to make the public believe he is a fighter. If a pugilist means fight he will not run around the corner to arrange a match; he will put up his money. I shall pay no attention to challenges published in local papers, but if any pugilist thinks he can do, whether I am champion or not, at they have to do is to deposit \$2,000 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, and I will meet any man in the world for from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side. I will not fight for less, for there is no money in it."

The following explains itself:

NEW YORK, Oct. 12, 1885.

To the Sporting Editor:

Allow me to say that I never issued a challenge to box George Klein, nor authorized Jack Boylan or anybody else to do so. I was very much surprised when a copy of an article reading that I had challenged George Klein to box me, and then failed to appear at Richard K. Fox's office to make a match. I had merely made the remark, in the presence of several of my friends, that I would like to have another go with Klein, and was also willing to fight Jack Williams; but had no idea of sending out a challenge at the time, as I had no money to back it up. Now, as I don't want my friends to think that I am afraid to meet Klein, if Joe Helser, Jr., will have the kindness to grant me time until Oct. 23 to cover his deposit of the \$100 at Richard K. Fox's office, I shall raise the money, and make a match to the finish, knuckles or hard gloves.

ALEXANDER MASTERS, of Brooklyn.

Klein's forfeit of \$100 still lies at this office for Masters to cover, and Joe Helser, Jr., says that Klein will meet Masters any time he appoints at this office to arrange a match.

A prize fight which awakened much interest was decided in Northamptonshire, Eng., on Sept. 15. The contestants will be sufficiently identified by their nicknames of "Tush" and "The Butcher." The former is a Northampton man, the latter a villager of the neighborhood. Tush is twenty-five years of age, weighs 10 stone 2 pounds, and stands about 5 feet 5 in. The Butcher is a taller and 3 pounds heavier man, and is twenty-one years of age. The preliminaries of the fight were arranged at Higham Ferrers Feat some weeks ago, and since that time both men have been in active training under skilful guidance. Both came to the mark in good condition. Tush being looked after by a Northampton pugilist who has been successful in recent "mill" and "The Butcher" by a local man, including a company from Northampton, not less than sixty witnessed the fight. The Butcher, a left-handed boxer, forced the fight from the commencement, as he got home a severe blow on Tush's eye to start with, the optic being all but closed, Tush was placed at a considerable disadvantage. He, however, fought well, and, despite heavy blows on the ribs from his younger opponent, sustained the fight through 20 rounds, lasting about half an hour. Then Tush perceiving that he had not a ghost of a chance, reluctantly relinquished the uneven struggle. A considerable amount of money depended on the issue, and the backers of both praised the plucky display given by both men.

John Courtney, the well-known sporting man of Brooklyn, has received the following, which he forwards us for publication:

NEW YORK, Sept. 28, 1885.

I saw the challenge you issued on my behalf, offering to match me against Dominic McCaffrey, according to the London rules, for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side. I wish he would arrange the match. I would fight him in a week or an hour's notice. I never had a very high opinion of him as a pugilist, and I have less than ever now on account of his challenges to John L. Sullivan, the champion, preferred. McCaffrey's bold deal has brought out the following reply, which was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office Oct. 12:

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, Oct. 9, 1885.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

In a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE I read what purported to be a challenge from Dominic McCaffrey and where it stated that he had defeated me. If you will publish the following: The only meet I have had with McCaffrey was a 4-round glove contest in Madison Square Garden in which large size boxing gloves were

used, McCaffrey refusing to use the small ones I had selected. The result is well known in sporting circles, how I was cheated and robbed of the victory by the unjust decision of the referee. Since, I have tried every means several times to arrange a match with McCaffrey, but he has always offered some flimsy excuse to prevent a meeting. I know he is afraid to meet me and would sooner prefer fighting in the newspapers. Now, to prove that I mean business, I will arrange a match to fight McCaffrey any way he likes, according to any rules, for a stipulated sum or for gate receipts, would prefer bare knuckles, London prize ring rules, for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side. I have posted a forfeit four times for McCaffrey or his backers to cover and I give him another chance. I am under contract at present but I will readily break it if McCaffrey will post a forfeit with Richard K. Fox and agree to arrange a match for \$2,500 a side.

Yours truly,

CHARLES MITCHELL.

The above card from Mitchell will no doubt bring a reply from McCaffrey, and as the Pittsburgh boy is eager to meet any of the heavy-weights in the roped arena it may result in an important match being arranged.

Who is the light-weight champion pugilist of America? In San Francisco Jack Keenan claims the title, and offers to arrange a match with any man living at the weights governing the title. Billy Frazier, of Somerville, Mass., claims to be the light-weight champion, and Jimmy Correll, of Northampton, also claims the title. In New York, J. McAuliffe claims the honor, and Billy Madden offers to match him for \$1,000 against any light-weight in America. While the light-weights on this side of the border are bickering and arguing who is the champion, Geo. Fulljames and Harry Gilmore, of Toronto, are also eager to contend for the title. On Oct. 10 Richard K. Fox received the following business-like challenge from Gilmore, which will no doubt be promptly accepted by Fulljames and a match arranged. The following is the challenge:

TORONTO, Canada, Oct. 7, 1885.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

Since my encounter in the prize ring with George Fulljames, of this city, there has been considerable talk about Fulljames' ability to beat me. I can beat Fulljames anywhere or anyhow. To prove that I am in earnest, I herewith offer to make a match with him to a finish, London prize ring rules to govern, either with hard or soft gloves or with bare knuckles, for from \$250 to \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship of Canada, to show the world who is really the best man. I will meet him anywhere or at any style. It is my desire that you, Mr. Fox, whose reputation is undoubted, should be the stakeholder, and that is the event of our being unable to agree on a referee you should have the appointment of that important official. The meeting I should wish to take place within a hundred miles of the Canadian border. However, I am not particular as to location, provided only we are free from interruption. If Fulljames and his backers mean business they will forward a deposit to you, and I will arrange a match at 48 hours notice.

HARRY GILMORE.

P. S.—I would like to add that if Mr. Fulljames is not ready to meet me, the challenge I have send is open to any man in America, 128 pounds and under.

H. G.

Dominick McCaffrey, the gentlemanly boxer who is as aspirant for the championship, was in New York on Oct. 8, and left for Philadelphia, where he keeps a first-class sporting house on Oct. 9. McCaffrey, in an interview, said:

"Both Ryan and Sullivan seem anxious to avoid a fight with me. My money, which was in each case posted with my challengers to them, has not been covered, nor any reply made to my challenges. I am not particular now whether I ever engage in another prize fight as long as Sullivan refuses to meet me. I think I am entitled to call myself champion, but I don't do so. Neither Sullivan nor Ryan has a record equal to mine. I have fought thirteen prize fights and never been bested, for I do not consider that Sullivan bested me in Cincinnati. Look at the circumstances. We had fought 7 rounds, and I asked Sullivan then and there to fight longer. He made no reply. I was by far the freshest man. I forced the fighting in that last round, as I had done in the first 2 rounds. The crowd thought I had won and made a rush for to carry me off on their shoulders. They succeeded in doing so after I had led them all a race for over half a mile around the track there. Sullivan could not have run a block. I could have bested him in another round, I think. I want to fight him to see who is the champion of the world."

"Besides my record of fights won, I fought the shortest fight on record, whipping Jack Stewart, the champion of Canada, in 30 seconds. In all of my fights I have never received a black eye, nor have I been bruised in any manner. I was never knocked down, nor never fought a draw. I want to fight Sullivan, but if he refuses to accept my challenge, that ends it. I've got a saloon in Philadelphia, at Eighth and Chestnut streets, which I consider the handsomest in this country. Not so much because of the value of its fittings, but because of its peculiar construction. It cost between \$12,000 and \$13,000 to fit it up. Business is brisk there, and I can live comfortably without doing any more fighting. Besides I am negotiating now with Appleton & Randolph's Burlesque Company to travel with them. They want me to give my athletic entertainment, which, by the way, is an original act of my own, including my favorite training pastime. If they agree to my terms I shall accept the engagement. I practice every day when at home and am in better condition now than ever before, except that I am a little heavier, but I could work that off in two weeks in case I got a little drink. I gain flesh very rapidly when not training, because I neither drink, chew nor smoke and am naturally very healthy. I would like to say in conclusion that I am very anxious to meet Sullivan for any amount he may name, bare knuckles, or the one-on-one glove to be used. If you can whip me I shall be satisfied, but I am confident he cannot do it."

At the following explains itself:

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At Market Hall, Minneapolis, Sept. 24, there was a slashing battle encounter with gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, between Patsy Cardiff, heavy-weight champion of the Northwest, and Prof. John Donaldson. Cardiff's tactics was to lead with the left for Donaldson's head or body and follow with the right. The latter was evidently on to the move and countered the left and ducked the right, or cross-countered. Donaldson showed up to the best advantage in the first round, when he countered and sent in some blows, which, however, were not very effective. Cardiff had the advantage in strength and age, and did most of the hard hitting, while Donaldson acted on the defensive. Cardiff seemed often puzzled where to strike, and Donaldson did some fine work in avoiding both feints.

ROUND 2—Donaldson closed the feinting with a good left-shoulder blow on Cardiff's olfactory projection, when he retreated and Cardiff fetched him a good one on the top of the nut. Donaldson tapped Cardiff lightly on the sneeze and Cardiff made a fine double play in countering a left and laying a vicious right in close proximity to Donaldson's nose-box. This he followed up with a left, which Donaldson dodged, and received Cardiff's right on the top of his nose. Donaldson retaliated with a fearful right on Cardiff's frontal bone.

ROUND 3—Cardiff played a good double on Donaldson's right peep and snuff-tray and they came to close quarters. Donaldson bent down and made a good "feint" on Cardiff's nose-trap. Cardiff got him in a corner and planted his left well down on Donaldson's broad-basket. He then played a heavy left on his right cheek, and Donaldson returned the same on the retreat. This seemed to anger the champion and he lunged out with right and left, Donaldson successfully countering the head blows and doing some great sparring.

ROUND 4—After the usual feinting Donaldson dropped a heavy left on Cardiff's snout, which he returned with interest, while chasing Donaldson around the stage. The force of the blow, with a miss, sent the professor in a heap against a post. He was up in a jiffy, however, and fetched Cardiff to his knowledge of the fact by a vicious left, which went home on his nob. Cardiff closed the round with a left, which was, however, countered, and a right that with hard gloves, would have drawn the cork. Patsy Mellin made a mistake at the close of the exhibition in announcing that Cardiff had won the fight, for no decision had been asked for, and both Cardiff and Donaldson so stated after it had been announced. It was stated some time ago that the contest would be won on the merits of each man, and whatever decision was made it was evident that while the latter was the weaker man, he is the more scientific boxer.

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SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

The Philadelphia Club has won sixteen of the last twenty-two games played.

Buffalo will have a State league team next season.

At Brockton, Mass., Oct. 10, the Fall River cricket team defeated the Brockton's by a score of 71 to 56.

The dates for the races at the Lawrence Riding Park are Oct. 28, 29 and 30. The purses amount to \$1,400.

Twenty-four Kentucky yearlings, purchased at a cost of nearly \$20,000, were recently shipped to California.

A fish 5 feet long and a foot thick was recently taken in the Allegheny river. It was different from any other ever captured there.

At Longwood, Mass., on Oct. 10, the home cricket team defeated the Albion's by a score of 194 to 50. George Wright made 81 runs.

Curry, Sexton and Morrison, the baseball players, have been blacklisted by Binghamton for refusing to accompany the club to Oswego.

Maurice Vignaux, the French champion billiard player, arrived in New York on Oct. 12. He will play in the Chicago billiard tournament.

John H. May, of Augusta, says the stallion Pilot Knob has won \$10,000 for him this season, and that he has refused an offer of \$25,000 for the horse.

Pilot Knob, who won the stallion race at Mystic Park recently, will be wintered at Augusta. This fast stallion has earned \$10,000 for his owner this season.

At Chelsea, Mass., on Oct. 10, the Chelsea cricketers were beaten by the Roxburys by a score of 147 to 26. Tyler, of the Roxburys, made the somewhat remarkable score of 106 runs.

At Mott Haven, on Oct. 10, W. M. Barry, the Irish athlete, threw the 16-pound hammer 119 feet, which is 2 feet 9 inches better than his throw at the New York athletic games on Oct. 9.

William E. Dean, the proprietor of the West End Stables, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, near Seventh avenue, New York, writes that he has room for more trotters, roadsters and carriage horses. Dean's stables are the best in New York.

Tom Sterck, an English boxer, is on his way to this country hoping to get a match with Jack Dempsey. The latter is ready to meet any man in America in the magic circle except Sullivan and Ryan, so that if Sterck has backers he will not be long looking for a match.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sport-ing Interest.

I understand that Van Ness, the well-known driver, was not only reprimanded, but was punished recently at Detroit for having Sister Wilkes distanced by foul driving.

Van Ness is a shrewd, tricky driver, and this is the second time he has been made pay the piper for crooked business.

I think the admirers of baseball in Boston are glad Chicago won the baseball pennant.

Poor Jim Mutrie. I learn he puts mourning on his hat since the New Yorks lost the baseball championship.

The Chicago baseball nine, with all their dirty work and trickery on the diamond, I must say are masterly baseball players.

Nearly every newspaper has a baseball reporter or editor, and yet there was not one in New York who could prophecy the baseball nine that would win the League championship of 1885.

I forgot the "Daily News." All season it published that the New York team would be defeated and that the Chicago team would win.

Regarding the defeat of the New York baseball nine in the contest for the championship the News says:

"The defeat of the New York Baseball Club received in the campaign for the championship pennant will no doubt teach the members of the nine a lesson next year which they will profit by. It is foolish changing of games, that is, beating a club to-day and allowing them to win the next day. If the New Yorks had won every game they should, and, in many cases they could have won since April until the close of the season, the Chicago Baseball Club would not have won the championship.

There is more truth than fiction in the above.

I am more convinced than ever that the Chicago Baseball Club would never have won the baseball championship if the New York Baseball Club had been out to win the pennant every time they played.

If the New York baseball nine had not time and again lost games they should, have won, no club could have defeated them.

Many may throw cold water on my opinion that the New Yorks did not try to win every game they played, but no matter what any one may say, claim or assert to the contrary, I insist that if the New York Club had desired to win the League championship of 1885 they could have done so.

It would not surprise me to learn before the snow flies in 1886 that the trotting record for 1 mile in harness was 2:08.

When Flora Temple trotted a mile in 2:10 3-4 the achievement astonished the world.

This was in 1856. The mare was looked upon as a wonder. Few then believed that a mile would ever be trotted in less than 2:15. It took eight years to lower the record of 1859 and down to 1874 the best time made was 2:17.

In that year the record was reduced below 2:15 by Goldsmith Maid, who scored a mile in 2:14.

It was then generally thought that the limit of a trotter's speed would prove to be 2:10. But Maud S. had not yet made her appearance, nor Jay-Eye-See.

The former brought the record down to a quarter of a second of 2:10 in 1881, and three years later the latter reduced it to 2:10.

The prophets of the turf made bold to predict a mile in 2:08 and even 2:06, and it is my conviction that the wonderful mare can trot in 2:07 under favorable circumstances.

It is my opinion that Pierre Lorillard's Dew Drop, the daughter of Fausto, is the champion two-year-old race-horse and weight-carrying of 1885.

At the American Jockey Club meeting recently she won the Champagne stakes, giving Dwyer Brothers Inspector B 10 pounds and a beating.

No two-year ever made a finer performance on the American turf.

In numerous journals I have read that A. P. Baldwin's Antwerp is credited with making the longest record of any homing pigeon.

This is not the case. Samuel Hunt's birds, Montgomery and Alabama, have made a better record.

A. P. Baldwin's pigeon only flew 1,010 miles, while Hunt's bird flew 1,040 miles, which beats the pigeons owned by Baldwin by 30 miles.

Hunt's pigeons flew from Montgomery, Ala., to Fall River, Mass., where their owner resides, in seven days less time than Baldwin's, and both birds returned home, which, I think, is the greatest feat on record for homing pigeon flying.

I understand that James Ryan has brought a suit against Richard English to recover the trotting horse Joe, record 2:23. The case will be decided in the Hudson County, N. J., Court.

It appears that Joe formerly belonged to the late John English, and after his death Richard, the brother of the deceased, seized the horse and refuses to surrender it to Ryan, who is the executor for the estate.

We have had female bicyclists, pedestrians, wrestlers, and female baseball players, but never had the pleasure of witnessing a female cricket match.

In England they have a female cricket team who play a capital game.

At Weymouth, Eng., recently, an eleven of Weymouth played against the Female all England eleven.

The Weymouth eleven courted certain defeat and got what they richly deserved. Score: ladies, first innings, 72 second, 100; gentlemen, first innings, 88.

There was a band on the ground, so, perhaps, the dis-comfort of the masculine team was ratiocined up to an accompaniment of slow music. The dead march should have been the tune.

It must have been interesting to witness the game, for when a lady tries a catch she usually throws her arms apart, waits until the ball hits her on the nose, turns her head with a windmill motion, runs after the ball, picks it up, brushes the hair off her eyes and smiles, as though her way of doing it could not be improved upon.

The frequency with which many of our swimmers collapse utterly in races is inexplicable to all but they who have a scientific knowledge of the circumstances.

It is my opinion that the reason of a swimmer so suddenly collapsing is the result of the shock of the cold water, the strain on the heart in the excessively violent exercise of swimming are the main determinants, though, I am inclined to think that in many cases a nervous shock, due to the finding that strength is giving out and the shore is farther away than one thought, plays its ill part in the tragedy.

I understand at Louisville recently a well-known gambler had strolled four acres gracefully into his boot for an emergency. Another expert twiggled the movement and equally gracefully removed them for his own use.

The moment arrived and the card sharper dived down into his leather recess. The cards were gone. "Hold on," said he, raising his hand to stop the game, "there's been cheating here."

Young Miss Philibins to Harvard oarsman, "I suppose you've read George Eliot's 'Mill on the Floss'?"

Harvard oarsman replied, suddenly interested, "Well, now, that's funny, I never heard of it and I read all the sporting papers, too. Was George knocked out?"

I have heard of champion pie-eaters, oyster-gourmands and egg-demolishers, and the men who have beat the record of clam eating, but of all the above feats I think Prof. Wesbrook's new wrinkle beats them all.

By advice from Detroit I learn that Wesbrook is attempting the task of living 60 days on milk.

In order to tell the sustaining qualities of milk Wesbrook piles his muscle daily in lifting a barrel of salt with additional weight so piled as to register 200 pounds. (a barrel of salt) dead weight, at the point of lifting.

By the way, Prof. Wesbrook has written Richard K. Fox that he will essay to lift 5,000 barrels of salt daily for 30 days.

The International yacht race between the Puritan and the Genesta for the America's cup proved that although the victory was won by the Puritan that the Genesta was a formidable opponent and also a craft replete with salutary lessons.

I think Chinn and Morgan the luckiest turfmen living.

This season with Ban Fox they won two important state races, winning nearly \$40,000, and then they sold Ban Fox for \$20,000.

Since then Ban Fox has won no races and whether he will do so next season is all owing to circumstances.

Chinn and Morgan were very lucky to sell Ban Fox and if they can dispose of all the colts they raise at the same figure they will soon rival all breeders and make a fortune.

If the big four bat in Detroit next season, I think it will be the greatest bat aggregation ever put together.

If the big four do join the Detroit's the nine will be Richardson, Brothers, Rose, White, Bennett, Hanlon, Thompson, Baldwin, McGuire, McIntrye or Wood.

I think one of the greatest baseball centres in the country is St. Louis, and I understand great efforts will be made to secure a champion nine for 1886.

Parties well informed claim that Lucas, of St. Louis, lost \$30,000 this season trying to run a baseball club for pastime.

Newark, N. J., has a famous fighting canine who is called Tiger.

H. has won battle after battle. Recently he killed Jack, a New York champion, in a dispute for \$500 at Newark, and his owner I understand is ready to pit him against any dog that bats at his weight, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000.

I understand an International Baseball Association, to be composed of the Hamilton Clippers, Torontos and Londons, of the Canadian League, and of the Buffalos, Rochester and Albany, of the State League, is much talked of, and has found great favor in Buffalo, Cleveland, Hamilton and Toronto.

I understand that the London, Can., Baseball Club managers are agreeable, and indeed would gladly favor the proposition, while Hamilton has been non-committal. Toronto has not been approached, as it is considered somewhat problematical whether that city will run a club next year.

The Montreal Champion Lacrosse Club defeated the Druids at Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 7. There was not much credit attached to the victory, for the Druids are miles behind champion-ship form.

Many of the Montreal Club, however, claim they can play lacrosse better than the St. Paul (Minn.) Club, but I doubt it.

I understand that Yale will practically have a new football eleven this year. The only old members who are back are Peters, Ronalds, Cox, Flanders, Jennings and Martin. Capt. Flanders will not play this year, as he studies in the medical school will not allow him sufficient time. There is, however, a good stock of men from whom to select a good team. Whether all the old members besides will play is not yet known. Wallace and Young, substitutes on last year's eleven, may and probably will play. Watkinson, '86, Stephenson, '86, Hanlon, '87, Sheffield Scientific School, and Leox, '86, are mentioned as probable mem-bers of this year's team. Beecher, who was a substitute on the eleven last year, will be quarter-back in place of Bayne, who will not return.

A properly trained athlete finds that when he is brought out to perform the task that his strength is gathered up, his fully developed muscles are as hard as iron, his wind is sound, his tread elastic, his speed great, his flesh firm, his skin fair and clear, his face hard and healthy, though perhaps fine-drawn, his eye bright and sparkling like a diamond, the white a clear blue, and his spirits, accompanied by a proper confidence in his ability to go anywhere and do anything, of the very best.

These are the essentials of perfect condition and of success.

A novice should never attempt self-training, but always seek the advice of some experienced person.

Be it ever remembered, however, that a man any-where weak by nature should never attempt training without per-mission of his medical adviser.

The most important thing in training is to find out as soon as possible what mode of living the subject has been accus-tomed to and as it must, to a great extent, be the most suitable to his peculiar case to adopt it without hesitation.

I have been informed that several parties in this city are negotiating for W. G. George and Wm. Cummings to visit this country and run a series of races, from one mile to ten. Should the English flyers come over and run a series of matches they will prove a great attraction, especially if in the first race they run they beat the record. Many claim George can run one mile in 4 minutes 16 seconds, which is the fastest time on record: Cummings has covered a mile in that time, and it is said that on the day he made the unprecedented record that the correct time was 4 minutes 15 seconds. Cummings recently visited this country, and in a race for the championship at Blosburg, Pa., he allowed Wm. Steele to defeat him.

It must have been interesting to witness the game, for when a lady tries a catch she usually throws her arms apart, waits until the ball hits her on the nose, turns her head with a windmill motion, runs after the ball, picks it up, brushes the hair off her eyes and smiles, as though her way of doing it could not be improved upon.

Any person unable to buy this paper from their newsdealer can have it forwarded from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

S. W., Charlotte, N. Y.—No.

W. J., Bordentown, N. J.—No.

J. H. B., Fort Wadsworth.—No.

A. B., Blocton, Ala.—June 16, 1879.

G. F. F., Syracuse, N. Y.—A wins.

NEWARK, NEWARK, N. J.—F. D. wins.

C. F. McC., Hinckley.—A rifle of course.

J. H. C., Buffalo, N. Y.—Leave B till the last.

T. McC. Williamsport, Pa.—Cannot use photo.

W. W., Toledo, O.—Andre Christol is not dead.

P. S., Altoona, Pa.—Write to Sullivan. He will inform you.

E. H., Philadelphia.—Write to Paddy Ryan in care of this office.

A BETTER.—Sullivan weighed over 200, Mitchell weighed about 165.

J. W., Salem, Mass.—Yale College was founded at Saybrook in 1701.

D. J., Bolton, Can.—Quebec was founded by Champlain in July, 1608.

W. B., Newport, R. I.—Lord Cavendish was Chief Secretary of Ireland.

H. Y., Hazleton, Pa.—Send 25 cents to this office for the American Athlete.

J. L., Omaha, Neb.—1. In California. 2. Ex-Governor Stanford owns him.

H. P., Woodbridge, N. J.—At Peck & Snyder's, Nassau st., New York City.

C. M., Philadelphia.—We do not know of the whereabouts of Tom Manning.

W. F., Salida, Col.—We have not the dimensions of Cleveland or Blaine's heads.

B. J., Warrenton, Mo.—The work you name cannot be bought, sold or advertised.

J. G., Ashtabula, O.—Send 25 cents and we will forward you a book with records.

J. H., Ames, Deer Lodge, Mont.—Send 25 cents and we will forward you the rules.

Ezra, Suncook, N. H.—Jack goes out. We have never given a different decision.

F. S., Camden, N. J.—We recently published the records of the Puritan and Genesta.

W. E. B., Newton, Mass.—D has a right to order A up without his name on the rules.

D. S., Little Rock, Ark.—A wins. Gas was first used for lighting the streets at Baltimore in 1821.

W. P. R., Plymouth, Pa.—In playing pinocle, the man who is 1,100 and turns dead for trump wins.

W. G., Portsmouth, N. H.—The laying of the Atlantic cable was successfully completed on July 27, 1866.

K. B., Salina, Kan.—Mary Anderson was born in Sacramento, Cal., the date assigned being July 23, 1859.

J. W. G., Atlanta, Ga.—It was on July 4, 1863, that Vicksburg unconditionally surrendered to Gen. Grant.

J. H., Boston, I. Yes. 2. Inoculation for small pox was introduced in New England as early as 1721. 3. No.

E. J. B., Punxsutawney, Pa.—Send 50 cents to this office and we will furnish you with circulars giving prices of coins.

A. F., Bordentown, N. J.—The best record for walking is 6 minutes 23 seconds, made by Wm. Perkins in England.

H. W., Parker's Landing, Pa.—It was on April 14, 1865, that John Wilkes Booth assassinated President Abraham Lincoln.

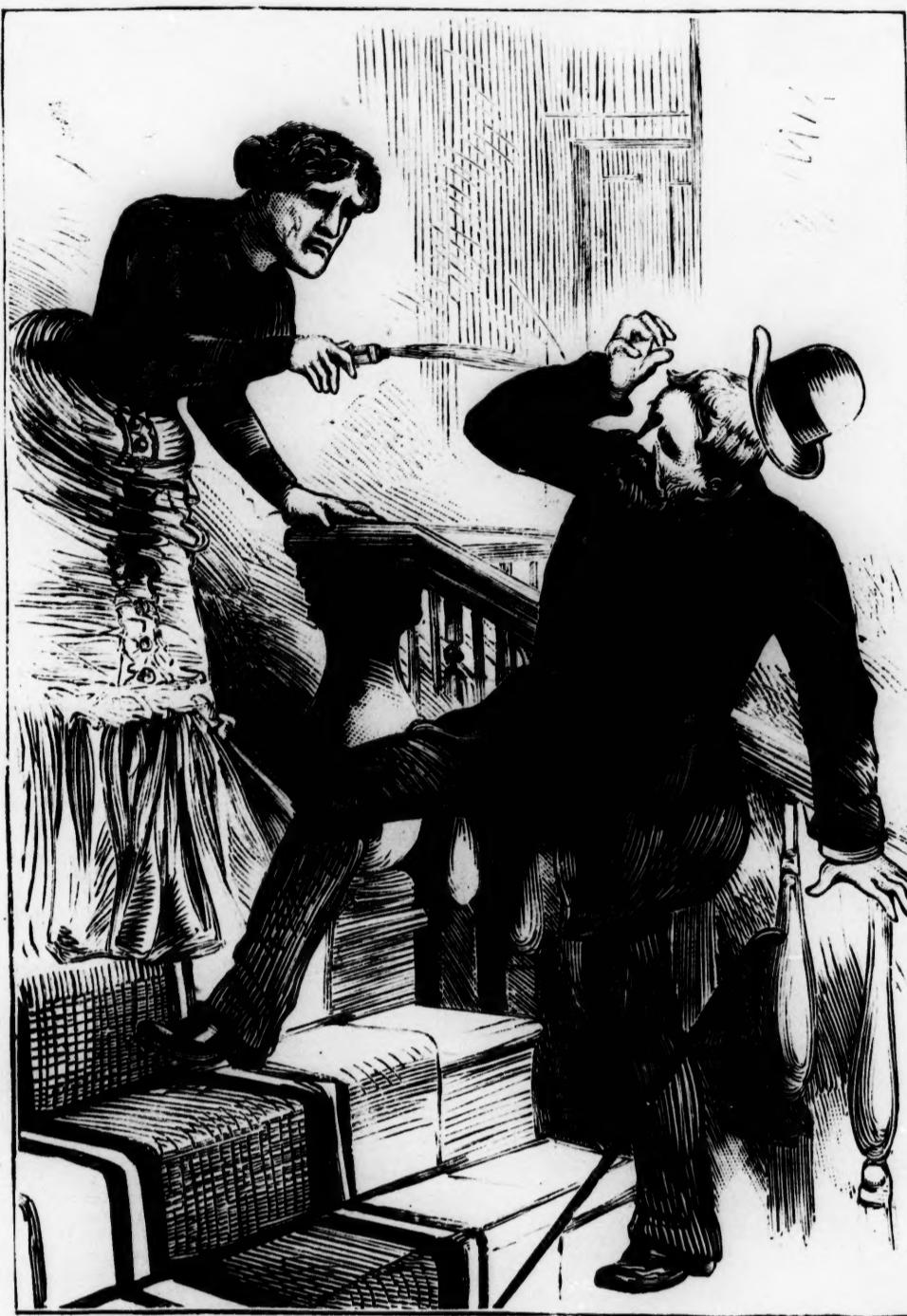
J. S., Salida, Col.—B has a right to build two or more piles if he holds the cards in his hand to correspond with the build.

S. E., Bordentown, N. J.—Send to this office for "The Life of Hanlan." It will give all the information you require.

G. H. T., St. Louis, Mo.—Write to the Lester & Allen Combination and they will furnish you with the information you want.

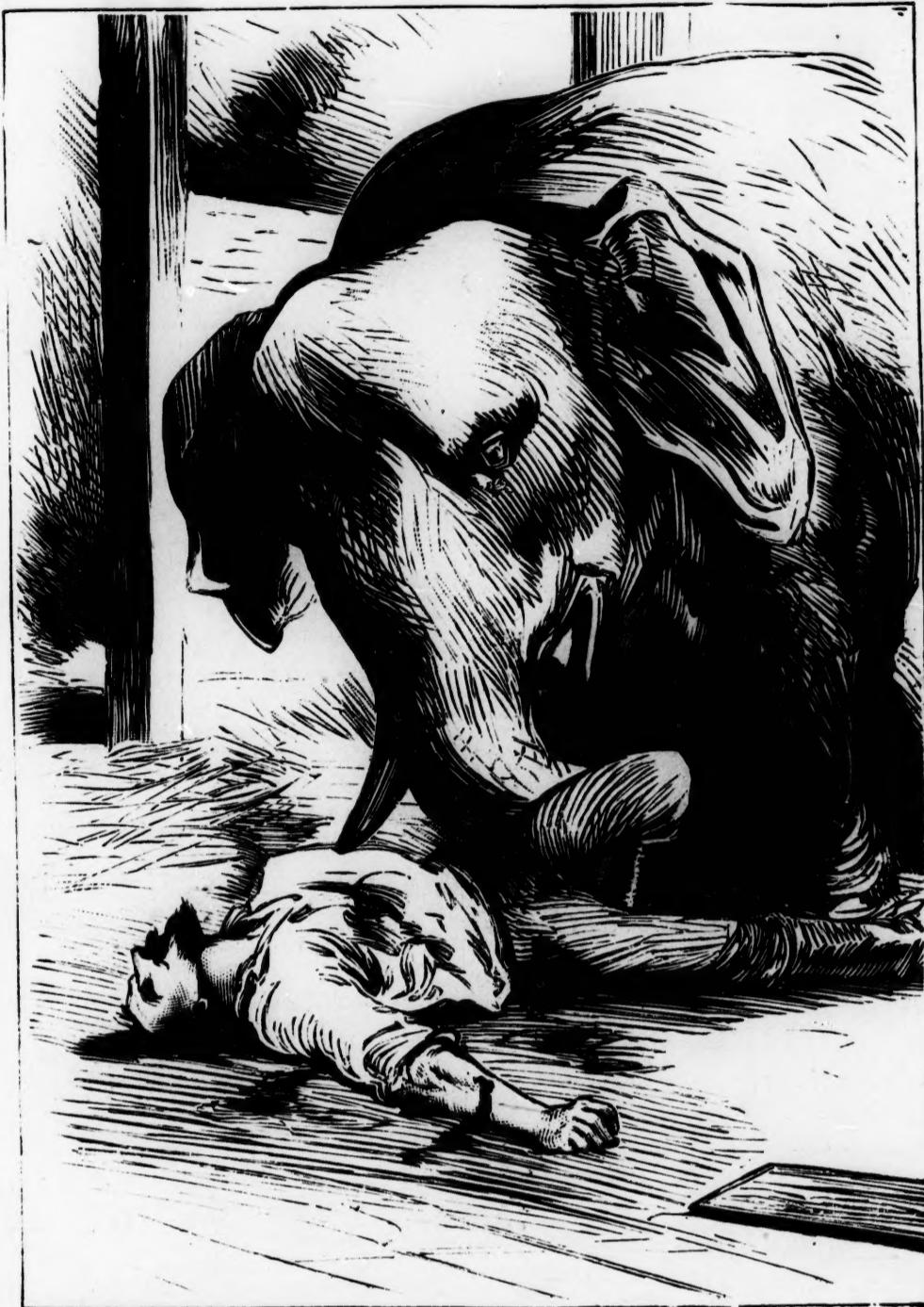
J. H., Benedicta Barracks, Cal.—1. There is no official record. 2. Ten feet eleven inches has b. m. covered, but the record is not official.

S. E., St. Louis, Mo.—A. H. Bogardus broke 5,500 glass balls out of the 5,854 in 1 hour 19 minutes 2 seconds, in New York, Dec.



SHE MARRIED HER SON-IN-LAW,

DID MRS. NELSON OF JERSEY CITY, AND THEN THREW VITRIOL OVER HER FIRST HUSBAND.



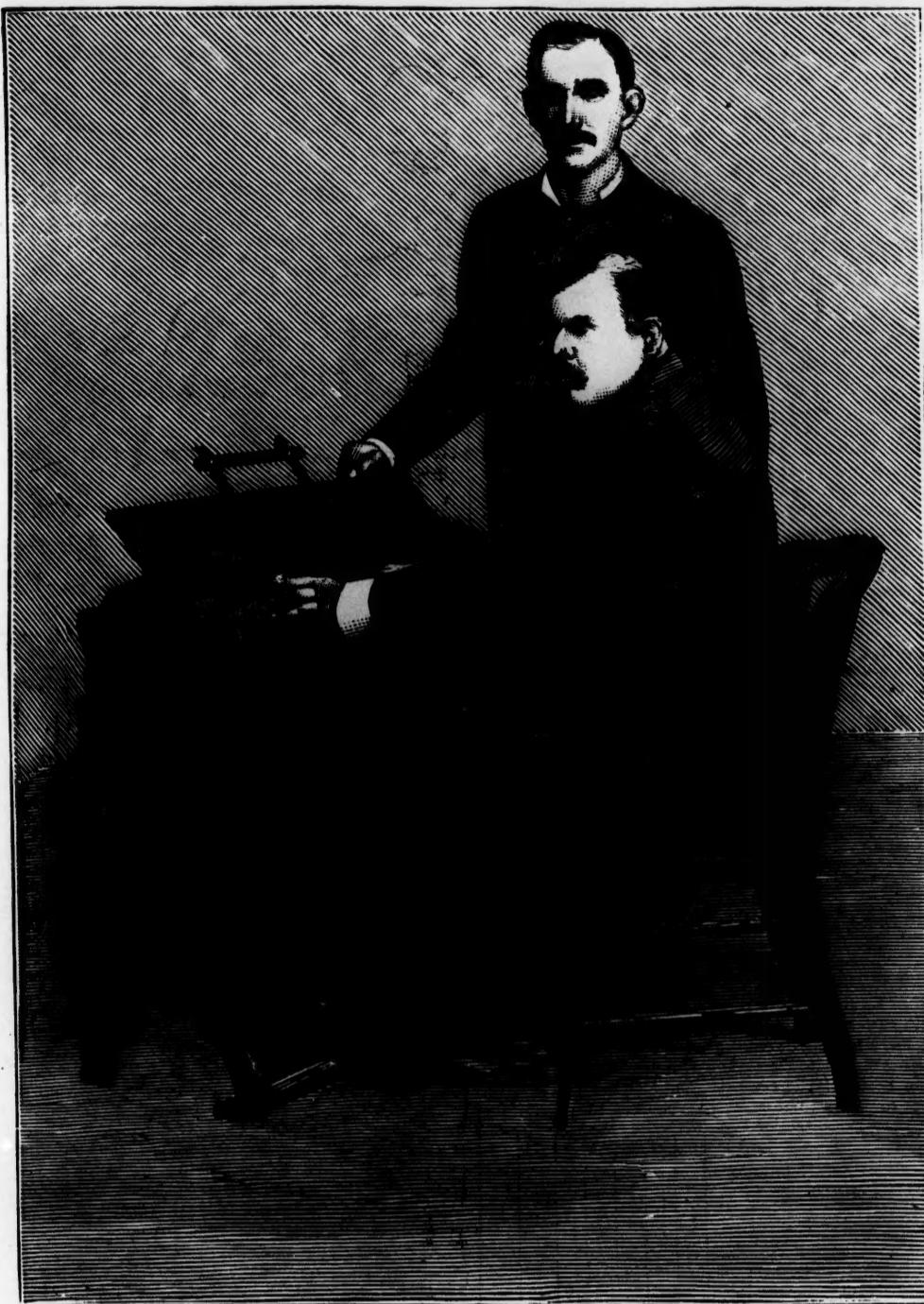
AN IMPERIAL MURDERESS.

FOBPAUGH'S ELEPHANT EMPRESS KILLS AN ATTENDANT IN PHILADELPHIA.

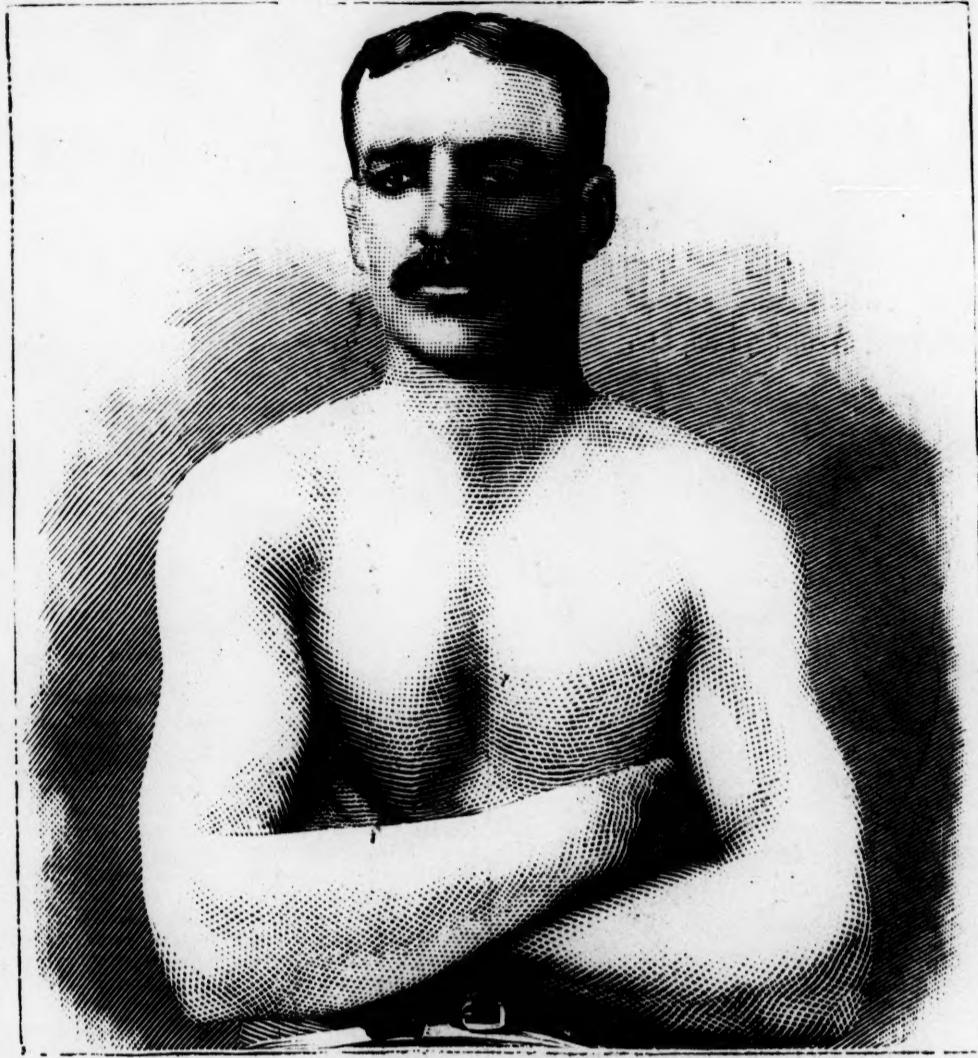


BLOOD ON THE MOON.

THE RENTZ SANTLEY COMBINATION GETS INTO A ROW IN A BROOKLYN BOARDING HOUSE.



ALF MELBOURNE AND GEO. GERMAIN,
THE "POLICE-GAZETTE" CHAMPION COMIC VOCALIST, AND PIANIST.



JOHN G. WYMAN,

THE WELL-KNOWN PUGILIST, OF ALPENA, MICH.

Alf. Melbourne and Geo. Germain.

This musical team have become popular favorites before the public during the last few years. Alf. Melbourne is a clever comic singer and a very pungent wit. During the summer season he and his talented partner, George Germain, the blind pianist, made a decided hit on the steamboat Grand Republic on her Rockaway trips. They intend making a tour

through the South, visiting the principal cities, this winter. We wish them every success in their pleasing undertaking.

John G. Wyman.

In this issue we publish the picture of John G. Wyman, the well-known pugilist of Alpena, Mich., who has won numerous contests and is now champion boxer of the State.



THE CANADIAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONS.
THE CLIPPER BASEBALL CLUB OF HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

BEFORE THE BAR.

The Cranks Wiped Out in Ohio--Illicit Distillers at War in the South--Happy Combination of the Retail Dealers and Brewers--Farmers and Crooked Whisky, Etc., Etc.



Fred. Urban was a bright, promising young man, full of life and good humor. He had many friends in this city, and especially at Delmonico's, where he presided at the *cafe*. He was a popular member of the Liberal Brotherhood, a society composed of the best class of hotel men and barkeepers in the metropolis. A few Sundays ago he went sailing with a few friends down the Bay. The catboat capsized, and three of the party were drowned. One of them was the good-hearted, clever young fellow whose face we print at the head of this column.

Glass eyes are very popular before the bar. A bar in the tavern is worth two bars in the bush.

What have the Ohio cranks to say for themselves now?

Dr. Leonard must have had lots of sport running for Governor of Ohio.

One thousand dollars is too much to pay for counsel fees to obtain a license.

The milk-punch is very unhealthy. Some milk-punches look a little sick.

Courtship, like champagne, soon loses its zest if kept too long after the pop.

The crank vote in this State, it is said, can be purchased very cheap at present.

The Brewers' Association are going to make a stiff fight of it at Albany this winter.

What kind of refreshments does the Gibbs' Investigating Committee partake of?

The Republicans got along quite well without the Prohibitionists last week in Ohio.

The liquor retail dealers and the brewers have made a happy combination in this State.

Prof. Huxley told the British Association that smoking has made him a very happy man.

In Chicago they call their beer gardens re-treats. Re-treat! How charmingly appropriate!

A Prohibition candidate against Senator Tim Campbell for Congress is—very comic, indeed.

The New York Prohibitionists will only have to wait a few weeks more to meet their doom at the ballot box.

We are happy to see Brother P. J. Fitzgerald, of Troy, re-elected president of the Wine, Liquor and Beer Dealers' Association of this State.

The Senate investigating committee can do the dealers in spirits no harm. However, it may be another case with some of the higher officials.

We must have a more modest civil-damage law passed this winter. See that candidates to the Assembly and Senate are the right men before you vote for them.

A bitter war exists between illicit distillers and informers in Franklin County, Ga. A young man named Dyer, who had given the officers information, was shot dead while riding home.

You shouldn't drink liquor; it's nonsense.

Yes, I know, but a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

The liquor dealers of this State have marked Howe, Van Allen and Heath as the only Assemblymen from this city and Brooklyn who opposed the liquor interest in the last Legislature.

The Health Department has ordered the owners of ninety-three saloons to draw their ale or beer from wooden or glass-lined faucets in place of metal, which corrodes and contaminates the liquid.

Rum and honey is said to be one of the best cough medicines for a family. The wife can use her share of it—the honey—while the husband, with his usual self-sacrificing devotion, gets away with the nasty rum.

A new plan of work by the Vigilance Committee, adopted in August, 1884, the U. S. Brewers Association to have an agent of the association in every County and Assembly district of the State, who would inform the association what the political status of candidates was and look to the interest of liberal-minded people at all elections, was approved and extended, and will be put into operation this fall.

George Pool, of Laurens, S. C., had stored in his carriage-house a large keg of whisky. A friend having expressed a desire for a drink, Mr. Pool took two vessels to the carriage-house, and after filling them with the liquor he lighted a match and began to melt the wax in order to seal the keg. Suddenly a terrific explosion occurred, and Mr. Pool was blown through the roof of the carriage-house. His clothing caught fire and he was terribly burned, besides receiving other serious injuries, from the effect of which it is believed he will die.

Three weeks ago information was given the officials that a gang of moonshiners were carrying on extensive operations in Susquehanna county, Pa. Detectives were placed on the trail and raided Stephen Tiffany, of Alfred. He was ostensibly a farmer, but secreted on his premises was found an extensive distillery plant in working order and 2,000 gallons of contraband whisky. Tiffany was arrested. A raid was made on the saloon kept by W. C. Chandler at Gibson, where also a still and about 400 gallons of spirits were seized. The detectives expect to make other seizures soon.

Theoretically, it's very easy to brew beer. You get your malt, grind it up, stir it with hot water, strain it off and boil this extract with hops, cool it off, let it ferment and drink it. Practically, it isn't quite so easy. It requires a knowledge, or a wisdom rather, that time and experience only can bring, to know how long to stir, how much extract to use, and how much hops, how long to boil, and how long to cool and fast to ferment, and how long to keep. These are secrets which every brewer keeps to himself, very distinctly. But he will very cheerfully show you the brewery. The malt house is not in use this year, because he can buy the malt as cheaply as the barley. But he shows you the large vats where the barley is steeped, the long floors on which the soaked, swollen grain is spread out until it attains a certain growth. There are the kilns in which it is slowly dried, when it has sufficiently sprouted, and then it is malt, ready for brewing. This he only explains, because, as stated, most brewers found it cheaper to buy the malt than to malt the barley.

"What a bright-eyed man," said a reporter, who leaned against the cashier's desk of a restaurant, near the public buildings, one day last week in Philadelphia. The man in question had just paid a ten-cent check and slipped out of the door with a jerky movement and a swinging of the cane he carried which decidedly endangered the people's peace.

"Bright-eyed? Yes," said the cashier. "He's a coffee drunkard. A man who comes in here four times in two hours, as that man has this morning and does every morning, and takes a half pint of coffee every time, is a coffee drunkard. Bright eyes? Well, I should say so. That man's condition all the time is the same as that of a man who is getting over a big 'batter.' I mean his nerves are up in 'G,' his muscles are all a quiver and his mental vision is abnormally clear. He is living at a 200% rate."

"Why does he do it?"

"Has to. Must have a brace. Used to drink rum. Had to quit that, and now does worse. He never sleeps, he tells me."

"Do you know many such?"

"At least half a dozen."

BLOOD ON THE MOON.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Those theatre people have turned everything upside down in my house," said Mrs. Lennon, the keeper of a lodging house at No. 178 South Fourth street, Brooklyn, the other evening. For the past week Mrs. Lennon entertained five members of the Rentz-Santley variety company, who are playing an engagement at an Eastern District theatre.

The theatrical people were quietly eating their supper when the question of burlesque acting came up for discussion along with the roast beef and olives. "I think that burlesque is played out," said a pretty little blonde at the end of the table.

"You are not old enough to think anything," said a light comedian of the troupe, boiling half a hot potato and suddenly making a dash for the ice-pitcher.

"Well, I'm not such an old barn-stormer as you are," said the little blonde, throwing a Judee wink at the handsome leading man.

"Barn-stormer!" cried the comedian. "Did I understand you, miss, to say barn-stormer, and to me?"

"That's about the size of it," said the little blonde.

"You haven't any right to address an old gentleman in such language," said the leading lady.

"Old gentleman!" cried the comedian, whirling round and glaring at the leading lady. "If I was half your age I'd have applied for lodgings in the Forrest Home long ago."

"Sir!" ejaculated the leading lady. "You forget that you dandled me on your knee when I was a mere kid—I should say child."

"Not such a child, either," said the comedian bringing up one of his old-time sawdust smiles.

"This is too much!" cried the leading lady, picking up a heavy coffee-pot and throwing it at the comedian's head. The cup tipped the off ear of the comedian and smashed into a thousand fragments against the wall. The petite blonde disappeared under the table.

"I have been insulted, and by an ex-ballet girl!" cried the tenor, picking up a pickle-dish and giving it an underhand Chicago B. B. C. twist toward the blonde hair of the leading lady. A moment later the air was filled with sugar-bowls, glasses, cups, plates and milk-pitchers.

In the midst of the battle the landlady, Mrs. Lennon, appeared in the doorway, but quickly retreated in the direction of the station-house. On the way she met two gallant officers of the peace, who returned with her to the house. As the officers rushed into the dining-room they found the battle at its height.

The comedian had entrenched himself behind the heavy villain, and from this secure position was pouring a raking fire of tumblers, oil lamps, butter-dishes, pepper boxes and tea-cups into the ranks of the party led by the leading lady, while the latter was returning the fire with interest.

"Here's a state of things!" shouted the officers, and shoulder to shoulder they advanced upon the rioters. The moment the contending armies caught sight of the "cops," however, their valor forsook them and they attempted to play the baby act.

In the meantime a large crowd had gathered in front of the house, but they were disappointed, as the late contestants refused to make any complaints against each other.

"You will all leave my house, and forever!" cried the disgusted landlady, and she turned her histrionic

pugilistic boarders out bag and baggage after collecting heavy damages for the breakage occasioned by the skirmish.

"He who steals my purse steals trash," cried the comedian, as he came up cheerfully with his share of the damages.

"Twas mine, 'tis yours," said the tenor, planking down his share.

"We must needs lie us to an inn," murmured the heavy man, and they marched off for the nearest hotel.

"BUD" MEBANE.

[With Portrait.]

This colored fiend was recently lynched at Melton, S. C., for the cruel and diabolical murder of Mrs. H. W. Walker. Her husband was at a barn not over one-quarter of a mile from the house. His little son ran to him saying that "Bud" was killing his mother." He hurried home.

He found his four remaining little children running and screaming about in the yard and his wife lying in the yard dead, and her body maltreated and mangled to a most painful extent. The negro murderer, who lived with Mr. Walker, had taken advantage of his absence to perpetrate one of the most atrocious crimes ever re-ordered. He climbed into a window on the second story. He had some struggle with the woman in the house and then dragged her out into the yard, and finally taking a fence rail, he mutilated her head and face in a most horrible manner. His opening of the door wakened the children, and the oldest boy spoke to the negro, calling him by name, but was apparently unnoticed. The negro, however, ceased to use his rail and left. The negro brute was run down by Thomas G. Totman and an old negro by the name of William Holman and promptly hanged to a limb of a stout tree by some three hundred persons white and black.

THE CLIPPER BASEBALL CLUB.

[With Portraits.]

In this week's issue we publish a group portrait of the Clipper Baseball Club, of Hamilton, Canada, who have won the championship of the League Baseball Association of Canada. This team leads the League both in fielding and batting, Rainey leading with a batting average of .449. Andrus second, with .322. The club has a batting average of .270 and a fielding average of .357. Following is the standing of the League at the close of the season. None of the clubs completed the series, not being able to finish Oct. 1st.

CLUBS.	Clipper	London	Toronto	Maple Leaf	Primrose	W. Won	Per cent.
Clipper of Hamilton	7	4	10	10	10	34	77
London	7	6	6	8	27	69	
Toronto	2	4	9	9	24	54	
Maple Leaf, of Guelph	1	0	3	4	8	54	
Primrose, of Hamilton	0	4	1	3	8	20	
Games lost	10	12	20	28	31	101	

ANNA JUDIC.

[With Portrait.]

This week we publish a picture, and a very good one, too, of Miss Anna Judic, who is at present appearing in a round of vaudeville characters at Wallack's theatre.

CHOLERA, DIARRHEA AND DYSENTERY

Cured

By DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT

if used when first taken. NO ONE SHOULD BE WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF THIS VALUABLE MEDICINE. Established 28 years and NEVER FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION. Sold by all druggists. 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Depot, 42 Murray St., New York.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CONDUCTIVE EAR DRUMS PRECISELY RESTORE THE HEARING. And perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but INVISIBLE TO OTHERS, AND COMFORTABLE TO WEAR. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials. FREE. Address F. HISCOCK, 85 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The great holiday number of the POLICE GAZETTE for 1885, will be No. 422, published Nov. 28, so as to allow ample time to reach all points of the continent, enabling its readers to send in their orders to our agents for the new edition. We will be pleased to receive payment in that special holiday edition, which will exceed all previous efforts, both in artistic effort and in extent of circulation which will not be less than 250,000.

All copy for this edition must be in by Wednesday, Nov. 18th, at 12 M. Address RICHARD K. FOX, P. O. Box 40, New York City.

WE ENGRAVE TO ORDER ILLUSTRATIONS OF ALL KINDS FOR MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PUBLISHERS AND ADVERTISERS GENERALLY. VIEWS OF BUILDINGS, MACHINERY, DIAGRAMS, ILLUSTRATIONS FOR CATALOGUES, PORTRAITS, COLORED POSTERS, SIGNATURES, TRADE MARKS, MONOGRAMS, ETC., ETC.

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REWARDS.

\$1,000 REWARD.

Wanted—On the charge of conspiracy and swindling JOHN FULMER, of Nazareth, Northampton Co., State of Pa., out of \$5,000 in National Bank bills, by playing a cheating device on him with cards known as the three card monte game, on Monday, Oct. 5, 1885.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MEN.

No 1 man gave his name as Hackett, is about 35 or 40 years old; five feet eight inches in height; stout built; weighed about 170 pounds; dark hair, smooth face, reddish complexion; has a long scar on the side of his face; was dressed in a stylish suit of dark cloth and wore a black stiff hat.

No 2 man is about 25 or 30 years old, five feet six inches in height; slim built, and weighed about 145 pounds; dark hair, dark complexion. He is the man that handled the cards. He took the character of a Texas drover and was dressed in a common suit of Kentucky Jim clothes and wore a calico shirt.

REWARD.

\$500 reward will be paid by Detective SIMONS for their arrest and delivery in his hands when called for, and also an additional five hundred dollars will be paid by him if the amount of money, which was lost, is recovered after they are arrested. Address all information to JAMES SIMONS, First National Bank Detective, Easton, Pa.

GRANT'S OBSEQUIES!

An Elegant Picture of the

Grant Funeral Procession

Passing up Broadway, New York city (drawn by our artists on the spot at the time). Size, 22x30, suitable for framing. Printed on the finest of white paper. Sent to any address, prepaid, on receipt of 10 cents. A liberal discount to the trade. Send for terms.

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P. O. Box 40, New York City.

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HATS FOR GENTLEMEN!
CORRECT STYLES.
EXTRA QUALITY.
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MEDICAL.

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Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,

BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!
Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every disease. The causes of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are not cured excepting the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R-Erythroxylon coca, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm.

Jerubebia, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm.

Helonias Diolica, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm.

Geisemin, 8 grains.

Ext. ignatiae amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.

Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.

Glycerin, q. s. Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m. and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bed-time, and a third number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing the pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

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You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vital manhood and strength. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet with full information and mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

WANTED NIGHT EMISSIONS quickly and permanently cured. Description of INSTRUMENT, (WORK NIGHTS,) and method of cure sent free in plain sealed envelope. Send stamp to Dr. JAMES WILSON, Box 156, Cleveland, Ohio.

HARMLESS, SURE AND QUICK, COMPOUND EXTRACT COPAIBA, CUBEBS AND IRON. Is a certain and speedy cure. Price, \$1 by mail. At the OLD DRUG STORE, 2 First Avenue, corner Houston Street, and by druggists generally.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured with Docia Sandal wood. Cures in seven days. Avoid injurious imitations: none but the Docia genuine. Full directions. Price, \$1.50, half boxes, 75 cents. All Druggists.

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Dr. Burgher's Permanent Cure for general Debility, Lost Manhood, Kidney and Urinary disorders; quick, sure. Sent for circular giving full particulars. J. S. GRIFFIN, East Haddam, Conn.

GREAT JAPANESE CURE for Night Emissions and Nervous Debility. PRESCRIPTION FREE. Send 2 cent stamp to Chas. L. Addison, Box 104, Cleveland, O. Mention this paper

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lars, sc. J. W. SOUTHWICK, Toronto, Canada.

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International Yacht Race!

An elegant picture of the great yacht race between the American Yacht Puritan and the English cutter Genesta at New York, drawn by our special artist. Size, 24x35, printed on the finest of plate paper, making an elegant picture for framing. Sent to any address, prepaid, on receipt of 15 cents. A liberal discount to the trade.

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This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medical properties of the Cubebs and Copaiba. One of the main ingredients in this preparation covers over all others in its neat, portable form, put up in pots; the mode in which it may be taken is both pleasant and convenient, being in the form of paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion. Prepared only by TARRANT & CO., New York.
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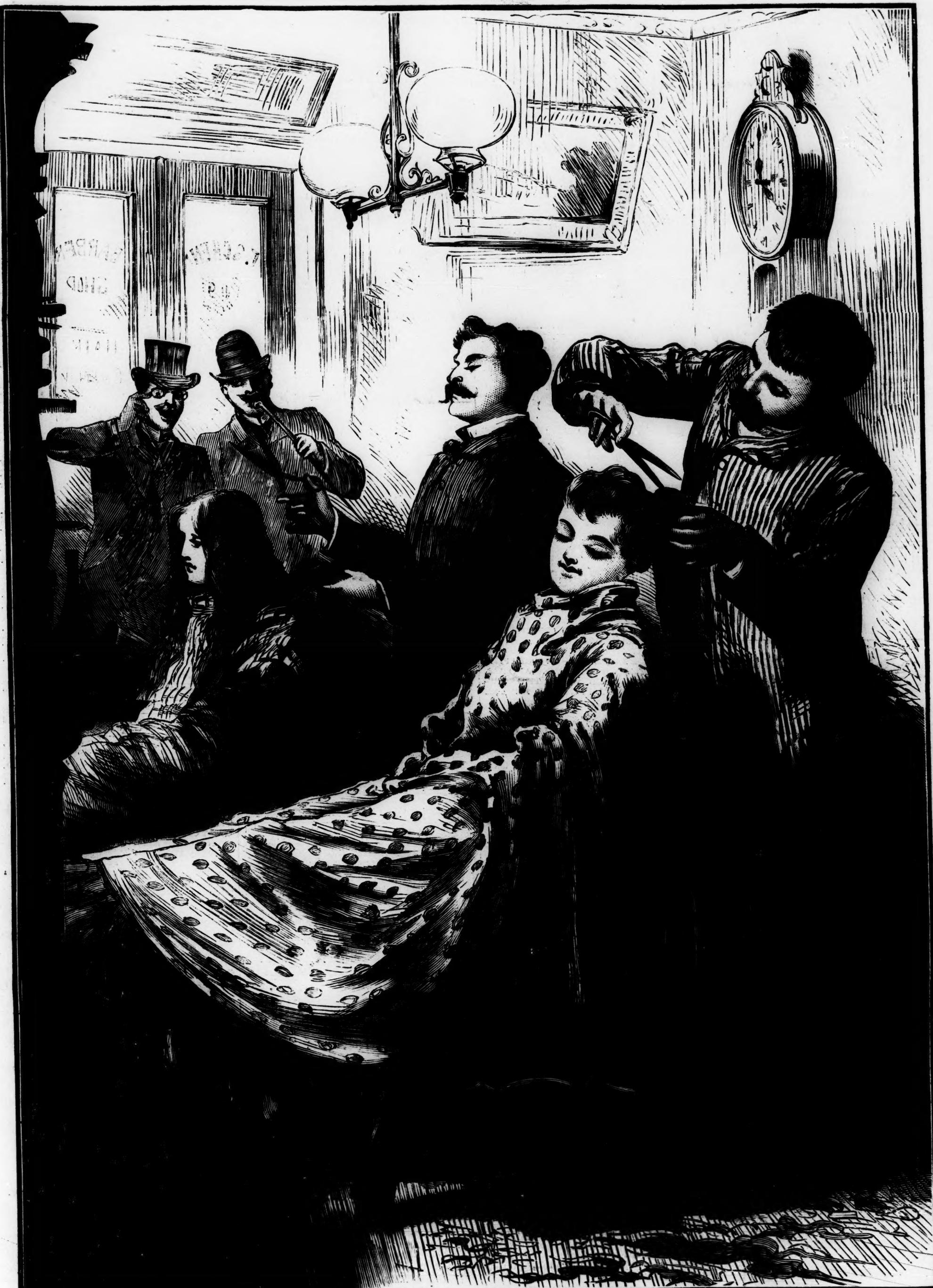
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